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See Second Number, on Fifth Page.

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Poetry.

AFTER VACATION.

August makes its exit,
and vacation time is
over.
And the happy summer days have fled
and ceased to be;
When the scholar is no
more the gay and
careless rover
In the shady country
lanes or by the
foaming sea—
The first week of school
is a time of aggravation,
Very hard to worry through with patient resignation.

Oh, those five trying days when we change from bliss to sorrow,
And wonder in a wilderness composed of book and slate;
When we sadly contemplate the coming of tomorrow,
That with joy we welcomed in a time not very late;
When we bend o'er the desk a sad picture of dejection,
With a sigh now and then at some pleasant recollection.

Imagination leads to the very charming notion,
As we turn the atlas leaves to scan our lesson o'er,
That we hear the billows of the broad Atlantic Ocean
Bursting on the pebbles with their old, familiar roar;
But, alas! while in fancy to the seashore we're returning,
We are taken to the fact that we're in the halls of learning.

Just now we do not see how we really ever bear it
To be confined to study till the Christmas holidays;
For we're much like the cat in the unfamiliar carret,
And we're feeling very awkward and somewhat in a maze;
Still we have a faith that's strong, and don't admit of doubting,
That we'll be all the better for our happy summer outing.

Oh, yes, we're very sure that this cloud of melancholy,
Which hangs above our studies as we pass the first week through,
Will surely melt away, and will leave us gay and jolly,
And happy and contented in another week or two;
While we hope to show on our first examination,
That scholars will improve by their annual vacation.

—*Golden Days.*

BEWARE!

BY W. W. CALDWELL.

Look not upon the wine,
Though rich its crimson be!
'Tis but the fatal sign
Of shame and misery.

Taste not its tempting flow.
Sweet though the draft may seem,
Remember 'twill overthrow,
Death lurks beneath the stream.

In Araby 'twas told
A fisherman one day
Brought up a casket old
And moved the lid away.

When from its depths arose
A demon, fierce and tall,
That ever larger grows,
In a rength o'ermastering all.

So will this tempter grow,
If thou its power free,
And thou a bondage know,
From which thou canst not flee.

Well doth the Scripture say:
Strong drink but evil brings,
'Tis like a serpent in the way,
And like an adder stings!

Our Story Teller.

THE WISE DOCTOR.

I AM not positive, but I think that the events which I am about to relate happened at the court of the shah of Persia; and it seems to me—although I would be unwilling to affirm it absolutely—that the time was about 1500 A. D.

Having thus carefully prepared my scene, I will tell you that the shah of Persia was a widower, and that he had a son, a handsome and gentlemanly prince, 18 years of age. This good shah had also a grand vizier, a haughty and ambitious person; and a doctor who was a very clever man.

The grand vizier hated the doctor, and the sight of the grand vizier was very disagreeable to the doctor.

The doctor had a very pretty wife, the handsomest woman at court, it was said, and a great flirt. It is scarcely necessary to add that the doctor was very jealous.

At the time that this tale begins th court was greatly excited over two events: the marriage of the grand vizier and the illness of the shah's son.

The grand vizier was about to marry a beautiful Persian girl, and although he was nearly 40 years old, his bride was hardly 17.

As for the young prince, he had been ill for two months, very ill. Pale, emaciated, weak, taciturn, he was a piteous sight. He had no appetite, and he could not sleep at night. It was heart-breaking.

And, curious to relate, vainly did the doctor examine the prince's tongue, feel his pulse, apply the stethoscope. (The stethoscope in 1500? But I said that I was not sure about the date.) The doctor did not find that any vital part was attacked. The heart, the liver, the lungs, the spleen, etc., were all in good condition; but still the prince grew weaker every day.

His worthy father (for there are good men even among the shahs) was very uneasy. He sent for the doctor and said:

"Doctor, you took your degree at the Teheran college, and you must know what is the matter with my son. Perhaps you have not spoken, for fear of shocking me, but I want to hear the truth, and I command you to tell me. Answer at once."

"Mighty shah," replied the doctor, "I am able to satisfy you, for I know what is the matter with your son."

"So you have discovered the malady, and it is called?"

"Love."

"Are you joking doctor?"

"Far from it, mighty shah. The prince has no appetite, he cannot sleep and he has lost his spirits, because he is in love; and he will not be able to sleep, neither will he recover his appetite and his spirits until he is married to the woman that he loves."

"And what woman does he love?"

"That is more than I can say. The prince will not tell me her name."

"I will ask him myself."

"I doubt whether he will reveal the secret, even to your majesty."

"But if he will not tell me," said the shah of Persia, greatly moved, "I cannot let him marry the woman that he loves, and if I do not let him marry, what will become of my son?"

"He will waste away slowly and die."

"You make me shiver."

"Be not afraid, your majesty, doctors have means of discovering the secrets which patients do not wish to reveal. Before this day ends, I pledge you my word that I will find the woman who has aroused such a violent passion in the bosom of the prince."

"And what will you do, to discover the secret?"

"A simple thing. Your grand vizier is to be married this very day, and you will have a reception at your palace in the evening. All the ladies attached to the court will be there. I merely ask you to make them pass in single file before your throne, and I will stand beside him, and he one of his hands carelessly, with my finger resting lightly upon his pulse. Be sure, noble shah, that when the loved one of his heart passes before the prince, I will be notified by the force and rapidity of the beats."

"That is a capital idea; and when you have made the experiment, you will at once tell me the name of the loved one?"

"Immediately."

"And if I permit my son to marry this person you are sure that he will be cured?"

"He will be cured."

* * * * * * *

Everything passed off as had been arranged. The reception hall of the palace was crowded. Everyone attached to the court was there. The doctor's beautiful wife, elegantly dressed, created a sensation—she even outshone the graceful Persian girl whom the grand vizier had married that day.

The shah was on his throne, and the prince, still pale and sad, was seated on his right. The doctor stood near, holding the prince's hand.

The shah announced to the courtiers that he was going to allow them all the immense honor of kissing his hand. This condescension of the sovereign was enthusiastically greeted.

The ceremony began, the ladies first approaching, and after them the gentlemen. Of course, in passing before the shah, they passed also before the prince, since he was sitting beside the shah.

At the conclusion of the reception the shah retired to his private apartments and summoned the doctor.

The doctor arrived, staggering, hollow-eyed, and looking very sad. The shah, without noticing the appearance of his physician, cried:

"Well, doctor?"

"Your Highness, the experiment was successful."

"Good! Then you know the woman who has excited the passions of my son?"

"I know her," replied the doctor sadly, with a deep sigh.

"Why do you tell me that in such a sad voice?" asked the shah, very much surprised.

"Because I have no reason to rejoice," replied the doctor, sighing more deeply than ever before.

And he continued, in broken tones:

"Mighty shah, the woman whom your son loves is my wife."

"Your wife?"

"Alas, yes!"

"By the trunk of my white elephant," said the shah gaily, "she is charming, and I understand my son's love."

"I too," sadly murmured the doctor.

"Let us settle the matter," said the shah. "Your wife being indispensable to the happiness of my son, you will give her to him——"

"Your Majesty," interrupted the doctor, whose heart seemed to be breaking, "it is impossible! I love my wife."

"The sacrifice will be so much more meritorious."

"I can never agree."

"But it is your duty."

"That is questionable."

"Questionable? I could decide the question in his favor, but I wish to act fairly. Are you willing that I should propose the question to my grand vizier?"

"With all my heart."

"And you promise to do as he decides?"

"I promise," replied the doctor faintly, completely overcome.

The shah sent for the grand vizier.

A minute after, the grand vizier entered, very majestically, as is suitable for a prime minister; after bowing lowly before the sovereign, he looked at the doctor in a manner which did not augur well for that individual, and waited.

The shah briefly explained the situation, and the grand vizier, evidently charmed, cried:

"What, sire, does the doctor hesitate?"

"He hesitates," said the shah.

"Can it be possible?" thundered the grand vizier, as if overpowered by indignant feelings which he could not control.

"What! when the happiness of the prince is at stake—what do I say—when his life is at stake! Why, under these circumstances, the sacrifice is a duty which should be performed with joy and rapture. Ah, shame on you, doctor, it is a crime to hesitate. Everything for the sovereign. Everything for the heir to the throne. Everything—"

"You see," said the shah to the doctor, "you can't do anything else—"

The doctor, stupefied, tried to stammer an objection.

"No, no," cried vehemently the Persian monarch; "you promised to accept the grand vizier's decision. My son shall marry your wife. You will obtain a divorce at once." (A divorce in Persia? But I said that I was not positive about the locality.)

The doctor, glancing timidly at the grand vizier, said to him:

"Let us hear your final opinion; and if you were in my place, would you make the sacrifice which is demanded of me?"

"Gladly!" replied the grand vizier, with a tone of devotion which went right to the heart of the shah.

This answer seemed to transform the doctor. His eyes sparkled and his thin lips shaped themselves into a smile. He turned toward the Persian monarch, and falling upon his knees, exclaimed:

"Mighty shah, pardon me. I have deceived you."

The shah started and the grand vizier frowned.

"Deceived me?" cried the shah.

"Yes, your royal highness, to be sure my wife is pretty enough to turn a prince's head; but she did not have that good fortune."

"It is not your wife? Who, then——"

"Who?" exclaimed the doctor, with a malicious glance at the grand vizier which caused that gentleman to turn pale. "I will tell you. She is a young and beautiful girl; a girl endowed with many gifts, since she has captivated the heart of the most powerful man in the kingdom, your Majesty, of course, excepted."

The shah looked at the grand vizier, who was no longer pale, but purple. "In a word," continued the good doctor, in clear tones, and turning towards the grand vizer, "it is this gentleman's wife."

Who was surprised? The shah. Who was dumfounded? The grand vizer. And who was delighted? The doctor.

"This being the case," said the shah to his prime minister, "you will obtain a divorce."

"Never!" shouted the grand vizer.

"What," exclaimed the doctor, "do you hesitate?"

"Do I hesitate?"

"Can it be no sible?" thundered the doctor, imitating the tone and gestures of the grand vizer. "What! when the happiness of the prince is at stake—what do I say—when his life is at stake! Why, under the circumstances, the sacrifice is a duty which should be performed with rapture. Ah, shame on you, sir; it is a crime to hesitate. Everything for the sovereign. Everything for the heir to the throne. Everything——"

Well, the grand vizier was a sight just then. Never was there seen a more woe-begone countenance. The Persian monarch burst out laughing.

As for the good doctor, he rubbed his hands together hard enough to take the skin off. He hushed his adversary with these words:

"You said just now that you would gladly do that which I hesitated to do. Your devotion was heroic. Now you know that a public man (in Persia) is not allowed to contradict himself every two minutes."

The grand vizier was conquered. He cast a terrible glance at the doctor, and turning towards the shah, said slowly:

"Master, your will be done."

So the young prince married the pretty Persian girl and recovered his health.

Was I not right in saying that the doctor was clever?—*Translated for the Epoch by Richard H. Buel from the French of Henri Chivot.*

Scared Away the Cat.

"What a lot of bright ideas you have!" exclaimed the young wife admiringly to her husband.

"But I haven't such bright eyes, dear, as you!" exclaimed the young husband to his wife.

And then the family cat got up disgusted from her warm resting place by the sitting room stove, and walked solemnly and slowly out into the open air.—*Somerville Journal.*

As Warm as Toast.

Squeers (on Mt. Washington)—Whew, isn't it cold?

Nickleby—Why, I feel as warm as toast.

Squeers—You do. Why, man, the thermometer is down to 16°

Nickleby—Well, I feel as warm as toast, just the same—that is, boarding house toast.

BOB BURDETTE.

Some of the Latest Efforts of the Genial Humorist.

Brooklyn Eagle.

A haughty leader of a city choir, on his way to church, met an Irreverent Ass, who was practicing the fish scales as he made his way toward the thistly lanes of the country side. "Peace!" exclaimed the Musician, "save your strength for your weekly burdens, and do not attempt to invade the sacred province of music." "Hence with your puny pitch pipe," said the Ass, "lest I climb into the gallery and kick your whole choir over the rail." "Heaven assoilzie thee, an ever thou tryest it," returned the leader; thou talk about kicking. Come in some Sunday and see our soprano when I give the alto a solo, and thou wilt trade thy legs for a pair of crutches, for very shame." So saying, he smote the Ass in both ears with high C, and left him for dead.

Moral: This fable teaches us that there is no slug but hath his slugger.

EACH TO HIS APPOINTED PLACE.

"What position does the Independent party occupy in this great contest of American politics?" inquired the parson. And the deacon, who votes straight as a string, replied, "Mugwumpire, of course." (P. S.—That's just what the Mugs say, themselves.)

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

"You say," asked the justice, "that the defendant knocked your hat over your eyes and kicked you off the stoop when you presented the bill?" "Yes, sir," replied the prosecuting witness. "It was a gas bill?" "Yes, your Honor, and it was right; I took the figures off the metre myself." "And you swear it was correct?" "Yes, your Honor." "Six months for perjury; if you say another word, witness, I'll fine you a thousand dollars for contempt. Take him away." And remarking to the clerk that he had burned some gas himself, his Honor calmly proceeded to send an Anarchist to jail for stealing a box of soap, half a dozen Turkish towels and a tooth brush.

AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

Once in awhile the parson should look over the notice of the service before he sends it to the papers. Last Sunday morning, in a city paper, one of the "religious notices" read: "Subject for morning and evening: 'The Blood; My God; Candy kitchen and Fruit garden Tuesday evening.'" It was headed "religious notices," so we suppose it was religious; but if it hadn't been so labeled, we should have thought it looked a little profane.

MUST BE SOME MISTAKE.

The chaplain of La Roquette Prison, Paris, tells in print of "the awful suspense of the criminals executed by the guillotine." We didn't know there was any suspense about that style of execution; thought they just tied the prisoner to a plank and cut his neck off. Or, in two, rather; we like to be accurate in these little matters.

ALL RIGHT; YOU'LL GET CREDIT FOR IT.

A Georgia paper says: "No Southern army ever swept through the North like a horde of Huns and Vandals, leaving in their trail a swathe of blood and flame as Sherman's barbarians trailed through the South." That's true, brother; they didn't. Nobody "denies of it." We can testify that you all behaved like gentlemen when you swept through the North. You stayed right on the "covered cars" till you got to Camp Douglass, and then you all went right into camp and stayed there. When history is written nobody can say that the soldiers of the South didn't treat we 'uns with the most courteous and Christian forbearance, as a rule, when they came North. Maybe Sherman is to blame for that, too.

LIKE ANY OTHER STANDING ARMY

General Booth says the Salvation army has 2,700 societies, 8,000 officers and an annual income of $4,000,000. That's just like the other churches. Salvation's free, but it costs money to maintain an army of officers.

GHOSTLY JOKE.

They have discovered the grave of a rich Goth over in Transylvania. He lived in that country in the year A. D. 245. His name used to be Omharus, as far as they have been able to decipher it, but he is nix comharus now.

EVEN THE WORLD GOES ROUND.

"History," said the lecturer, "moves in cycles. "You mean by cycles, don't you?" asked the editor of *Outing*, for it was he. And the lecturer, who was more clever than the greatest living humorist, let his manuscript fall to the floor with a dull, sickening thud that made the building tremble on its foundations, and would have made it tremble on its head, if it had been built that way.

SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL.

A Wise Man says: "A young man used hardly and roughly will be a tougher man in the end. He will go into the fire iron and come out steel." That depends a great deal on whether he does or not. And that, again, depends largely on what the young man is when he goes in. If he is simply basswood, all the very best quality of basswood at that, when he goes in, he goes in for good. He doesn't come out anything. I don't know where he goes, but he doesn't come out again. It wouldn't do to put all young men into the fire. Unless, the tempering process be considered a good way to get rid of them. And then when you put the young man of iron into the fire you don't want to keep him there too long, or you'll spoil him. Iron will burn as well as basswood, if you keep it on the fire long enough. "How long shall you keep him on then?" Oh, bless you; how do I know? Ask the Wise Man, he began it.

NUMBERS 401 AND 402.

A Chinese journal, published in Pe-King, says, of matters American: "In America if a man does not smoke or drink he is universally respected." So? Then does the halo of the sacred "400" rest upon the canonized brows of Jesse James and Jake Sharpe. However—well, however.

HE LIKES TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

"I say," said the lieutenant, "I saw one of the new cigar shaped submarine torpedo boats loading on a steamer this morning; are we building those things for other nations?" "No," said the quartermaster, "I know what you saw; its a new excursion car for the czar. He's fond of travel and likes to see the country."

JUST AS OUR GRANDSIRES USED TO DO.

"What is Barnacle going to run for this fall?" asked Voter. "I didn't know he was going in for anything; is he?" replied Scratcher. "Yes, indeed; I met him half an hour ago and he told me he was out of politics for good and all, and hadn't looked into a newspaper in six weeks." Is that so? He wants to go to Congress bad, doesn't he?"

RUNNING AWAY FROM TEMPTATION.

First Citizen—There comes Longjaw; let's go across the street and turn down the alley before he sees us. Second Citizen—Why, I thought you were great friends? First Citizen—So we are, now; but he has a new story about his 4-year-old boy. (Exeunt omnes, on the dead run.)

HEREDITARY HEREDITY.

An honest Indian, who had been among the white men long enough to learn how to shave his fellow men, within the pale of the law, opened a barber shop out in Cheyenne. Somebody, probably not a clergyman, hung a sign up over his door, the first night, which read. "Superfluous hair removed while you wait." And all next day the patient barber wondered why nobody came near his shop except a bald headed policeman who loitered behind a tree box over the way.

Ought to be Cheaper.

Guest at eating-house (grudgingly)—"Bring me some reed birds. Seems to me 50 cents is a thundering price for them, though."

"Waiter—"Yes, sah. Reed birds is expensive. They are hard to get, sah, and we bring 'em a long distance." (Behind the screen some minutes later)—"Lively, now. Hurry up them English sparrows.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Terrible Shock.

"That failure was a terrible s hock to ol Mr. Hendricks."

"Yes, it must have been."

"You remember how white his hair always was?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'll hardly believe it, but the next morning when he got up his hair was jet black—turned in a single night."

COMMON ERRORS IN SPEECH.

Observations of a Teacher in Various Sections of the Country—A Pertinent Criticism.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Press* recently asserted that the expression "I seen" is very common in the South, but rare in the North, where "I see" is more frequently used for the past tense. It has been my fortune to teach for fifteen years or more in Pennsylvania, and I have had to correct the blunder continually, caught by the children from their parents and others around them. Indeed, at the first school I ever attended, some of the coarser girls jeered at me because I was in the habit of saying "I saw." "Saw, saw; what did you saw?" they rudely asked. I thought my mother must be a trifle old-fashioned, and so for a short time—a short time only—I followed the fashion of these superior girls, as I then thought them, but mother soon brought me around to precise terms.

"Done," for "did," is another common error in Pennsylvania and Maryland. I have never, however, heard any one say "I gone," for "I went." Here the opposite error—that of using the past tense with have or had, instead of the perfect participle without the auxiliary is noticeable. "I allowed (intended) to have went," is what I have heard a Maryland teacher repeatedly say.

"Used to could" is an expression I have heard in two places in Pennsylvania; but in the two neighborhoods where I lived and taught in Maryland, I was forced to hear and correct it continually. In the only school I had in Nebraska there was one girl who belonged to a well-known Virginian and Kentuckian family who used to let this expression escape her till we finally laughed her out of it.

But "smart" is the pet word used continually and upon all occasions by all the Marylanders with whom I came into contact. "Are you in a hurry?" said I one day to a cultivated gentleman as he rose to leave me after a short call. I wanted to show him something which I knew would interest him. "Well, yes, I am in quite smart of a hurry."

"Are there any girls in the play-ground?" I asked of a little fellow who came into the yet empty room. He went to the door, took a rapid survey and answered: "Yes, there's quite smart of girls there." An old woman died, and I heard the neighbors say "she left quite smart of money."

But the quaintest phrase of all was "Slop the pigs," for what we in the north would say, "feed the pigs." "Sassy," was a word used by nearly all for "saucy." "Powerful" is a word which, in the south, is as expressive as the universal "awful" in the north. My black maid, who had removed from Kentucky to Nebraska, said to me one day: "Miss E——, poor ole Joe is powerful weak." Other Kentuckians, higher in the social scale than my black Lydia, always said "air" for "are," "handwrite" for "handwriting."

The writer before mentioned remarks: "In the north a man fills his wagon 'box' with corn and draws it to town; in the south he fills his wagon 'bed' with corn and hauls it to the same place." I have lived in various places in Pennsylvania and have invariably heard the latter expression.

To return to my black friend Lydia. Wishing to please me and to gratify a capricious appetite, she one day appealed to me: "Miss E——, if you just let Johnsing (her husband) rock some quail fo' yo', I cook yo' nice mess. Powerful lot o' quail 'round dis heah place." "What do you mean, Lydia? Rock the quail?" my mental vision meanwhile reverting to a certain nursery contrivance for putting infants to sleep. "Why, rock 'em; kill 'em with rocks." Lydia and "Johnsing" must have possessed optics of large magnifying powers, for in my stay of over two years in Nebraska I never saw two stones as large as my fist.

HE WAS THE SCOUNDREL.

A Texas Landlord Who Assumed the Title for a Quarter.

"So this is a prohibition town?" said a drummer to the landlord of a small local option town in Texas.

"Yes, we don't allow any liquor sold if we can possibly prevent; but, sir, there are men in this town so utterly devoid of honor and principle that for 25 cents they will peddle out this liquid damnation. What do you think of such an unprincipled scoundrel?"

"It strikes me it is a mere matter of business. Where can I find that unprincipled scoundrel?"

"I am the man. Follow me!"

When the drummer returned, his mustache was wet and he was out a quarter.—*Exchange.*

She Made a Mistake.

Some truth and much matter of a different character has been written about the athletic training of fashionable girls in New York. Here is a true story illustrating this feature of metropolitan life. A young man met this summer a sweet and gentle girl of 17 whose left arm was partly disabled. He made proper and sympathetic inquiries, and here is the answer he received: "I did it in the gymnasium in drawing myself up to the horizontal bar. Of course I could do it easily enough with my right arm; but when I tried it with my left something snapped, and for six months I've had trouble with the injured arm." Any man who has tried to "chin" himself with either arm knows that it is a feat which only comes as the result of considerable athletic training. But this sweet creature of 17 regarded it as a matter of course.

This is Very Bad.

An old bachelor, who was quite a wit lived alone in a very uncomfortable-looking place, and his apartments were always in great disorder. "Why don't you get married?" said a friend, one day. "Then you would have some one to fix up things here, and make it look homelike." "The fact is, I never thought of it," said he. "But it does look reasonable that a better half would make better quarters."

A Prejudiced Statesman.

"Roast beef, corned beef, pork tenderloin," began the waiter, "mutton, ham—"

"No!" roared the stout, heavy man. "No meat while I'm in Chicago. Bring me some vegetables!"

And Senator Vest leaned back in his chair and glared a hole through the strong oak ceiling overhead.—*Chicago Tribune.*

His Credit Injured.

"I've been injured by a statement in your paper."

"I'm sorry, sir. What did I say?"

"You stated that I compromised with my creditors for 70 cents on the dollar."

"Well?"

"Well, I haven't done anything of the kind; it was 40 cents."—*Epoch.*

She Wondered.

Bertie—Sister Amelia, I heard young Mr. Bagley tell Mr. Bailey yesterday that you were a daisy girl, and had awfully tender eyes.

Amelia—I wonder why Mr. Bagley didn't call me an ox-eyed daisy and be done with it.

New York's Shame.

New Yorkers now are loudly declaring that the Grant monument is not New York's affair. If this be true it bears a striking resemble to the World's Fair. That isn't New York's affair, either.—*Chicago News.*

Why He Was Like Flannel.

"Willie's like a piece of flannel," said Tommy, as he watched his small brother cuddled up in the bath tub.

"Why do you say that, Tommy?"

"Because he shrinks when he is washed."—*Harper's Young People.*

Most of Us Are.

She—"Oh, my tooth aches just dreadfully. I don't see why we cannot be born without teeth." He—"I think, my dear, that if you will look up some authority on that point you will find that most of us are."—*Omaha World.*

Love's Jurisdiction.

Love's jurisdiction doth extend
From giddy heights of frozen snow
To fertile valleys far below,
And owns no limit, lot, or end.
—*Paterson (N. J.) Press.*

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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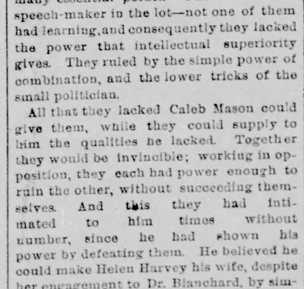
The Demagogue

by D R Locke



D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER X.

THE FURTHER PROGRESS OF CALEB MASON—A TRIFLE OF SINUOSITY.

POOR old Simon Dunlap, when he told Mason that he should give him the entire control of his estate, dropped a seed of evil into the fertile mind of that ambitious youth, which germinated and grew at an awful rate. Jonah's gourd was nothing to it. We have seen its first fruits. Then the will of Farmer Dunlap gave him control of all the money he wanted—all that he could use or wish for, to carry out any scheme he might devise. If he married Sarah—he started involuntarily as the word *if* came to him—if he married Sarah, the entire estate would be practically his. If he did not, he still had the estate long enough to make him rich, for he would have the use of it unquestioned. If he could put Sarah out of the question, he had all that the Dunlaps could give him now. What then?

The Harveys! Father, six sons, three sons-in-law, all men of very great influence in the county, district and state. And every man of them admired him; every one of them knew his good qualities—that is, the qualities they esteemed good—and every man of them would be glad to have him one of them. For be it known the Harveys were ambitious men in their way; they hungered and thirsted for control—they wanted office because it gave them that control, as well as because of the profits and emoluments, which were necessary to them. As it was, they were a power; but not so much of a power as they wanted to be. And then they lacked in many essential points. There was not a speech-maker in the lot—not one of them had learning, and consequently they lacked the power that intellectual superiority gives. They ruled by the simple power of combination, and the lower tricks of the small politician.

All that they lacked Caleb Mason could give them, while they could supply to him the qualities he lacked. Together they would be invincible; working in opposition, they each had power enough to ruin the other, without succeeding themselves. And this they had intimated to him times without number, since he had shown his power by defeating them. He believed he could make Helen Harvey his wife, despite her engagement to Dr. Blanchard, by simply making the effort. He knew the young lady better than she knew herself. He knew that she loved Dr. Blanchard, and he knew also that behind this love lurked a passion stronger than love—ambition; and that it needed only to be nursed a little to show its superiority, and to overwhelm the other and swallow it up completely.

Besides all this, there were the ambitions of her family to urge her to such an alliance. Blanchard could do something to prop the falling fortunes of the Harveys if he would, but men are never anxious to put out their own capital for the sake of fathers and brothers-in-law, and it was not to be expected that he would prove an exception. But with Mason as an ally, the family could maintain their political supremacy, and by means of the emoluments of office, and the opportunities for speculation that it gave them, be restored to the position that, without such aid, they must certainly lose.

Then they would be of advantage to him. What would not this bold stroke do for him? He had the money of the Dunlap estate, and this marriage would give him the influence of the Harvey family. It would bind them to him, and in addition they would bask in the glories he would achieve. They could help him to gain what he desired, and when he had achieved them they would share in the benefits. But Sarah Dunlap? he loved her and she loved him; and Simon Dunlap had loved him and trusted him like a son. Shaw! What is love? What is the welfare of one girl or of a dozen, compared with the necessity of making a career? He had a pang as he thought of abandoning that loving girl for another, of leaving that sweet rose for some other hand to pluck. But there was very little sentiment in his composition. He had his work to do, and he intended to do it.

It was a daring thought—one that most men would not have harbored for a moment—but Caleb Mason not only admitted it, but he entertained it, and made much of it, till it became fixed and rooted.

There is a magnetism in evil as well as in good. Precisely the same thoughts had penetrated the mind of Helen Harvey, and once lodged there, they could not be dislodged. She recognized in Mason a man who could restore her family, and who, if he was not attached to it, would be compelled, for his own sake, to destroy it. She could see in him a man who could give her all that she thought she desired in life; and the more her mind dwelt on him the less it clung to Blanchard, who had heretofore filled it.

One evening, instead of mounting his horse and riding to the Dunlap farm, as had been his wont, Caleb Mason walked to the dwelling of the Harveys. He did not intend to make any demonstration—he had no fixed idea of commencing his new departure that evening, but he had an idea that he would like to determine whether he could make the point should he desire to. The first half hour of his stay satisfied him that all he had to do was to ask and receive. The cordial greeting of the elder Harvey, the evident pleasure with which the daughter received the visit, the cordiality which the entire family lavished upon him, all indicated more clearly than words could possibly have done that in that house he could absolutely dictate his own terms.

He found Helen brighter and more intelligent than he had supposed her to be, and that she possessed the one quality that precisely sorted with him. She was as ambitious as Lucifer, and ambitious in the same direction as himself. And her training was such that she was qualified to be a help to him in his ambitions, for she had been reared in an atmosphere of politics and political management.

Therein she differed widely from Sarah Dunlap; for that gentle girl had no desire in life but to have a husband who loved her, and one whom she could love. She would be immensely proud of her husband if he succeeded in making any impression on the world; she would rejoice at his successes and mourn at his reverses, and all that, provided it did not take him away from her. She had been foolish enough to intimate to him that she would not like his aim to be political preferment, for it would occupy so much of his time, and take him so much from her side. Mr. Mason winced at this, for he had no idea of a quiet home, of a day's work in his office and a fireside night with his wife and children.

She knew nothing of the methods by which political successes were achieved, or losses avoided. She was eminently a little home-body, whose idea of an earthly heaven was a well-ordered, comfortable home, a loving husband and a quiet existence—all of which was diametrically opposed to Caleb Mason's plan of life.

He walked home that evening in a curious frame of mind. He loved Sarah Dunlap, and he had in his hands the first great start in life—money—which was hers. Honor, love and gratitude bound him indissolubly to her. But on the other hand there were the Harveys and the advantages of their alliance! As he thought of them the wild waves of his ambition rose and drowned out of his soul honor, love, gratitude and every warm impulse in his nature. He determined then and there to marry Helen Harvey.

With Caleb Mason, to determine and to do was one thing. He was at the Harvey house the next evening, and the next, and the next. His last evening he met Dr. Blanchard there, who was somewhat surprised at the encounter, but who was too true a gentleman to make any mention of or reference to it. But when the doctor met him there night after night, and when he found that Helen was giving him all the favors that he himself had ever received; and when, on one occasion, Mason was even preferred to him, he thought it time for an explanation. He sent a note to the house the next morning, asking if she would be at home in the afternoon. Helen would have drawn from the snare she was setting for herself, even at that late moment. She was enraged with herself at the mean part she was permitting to be played, and had determined upon going back to her first love and honor. Her father had received the note and brought it to her opened.

"Who opened this note?" Helen demanded.

"I did," was the father's reply. "I read it, and sent back to Dr. Blanchard the answer that you would be at home all the afternoon."

"Why, father! Why did you open the note, and why did you answer it?"

"I will tell you, Helen. I knew the note was from Dr. Blanchard, and I read it to see what he wanted. I sent him word that you would be at home all the afternoon, for I desired you to see him."

Helen looked intently at her father to catch, if possible, the drift of his remarks from his countenance, and actually started at the change she noted in his face. She had seen him through the window, not a minute previous, walking through the shrubbery to the house, a tall, strong, determined-looking man, hearty and bluff in his salutations to passers-by, his step as firm as that of a man of thirty—the very embodiment of the born leader and controller of men. Yet, as he took an easy chair, where the full light streamed upon him through the window, he was stooped, haggard and worried, and looked twenty years older in the face than he had five minutes before. The sudden change alarmed her.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "What has happened to you?"

"No, Helen, it is a pleasure to get into your room, away from the sight of every face but yours. The load I am carrying is a terrible one, and it is a relief to be able to drop the mask I have to wear in public. It rests me."

"But what is the matter?" she asked.

"That is just what I came to tell you, and that explanation will show you why I opened Dr. Blanchard's letter. Helen, you know I am the treasurer of the county, and maker and unmaker of men in politics; but do you know that the ground on which I stand is but a quicksand, which may yield beneath my foot at any moment, and I go down forever."

"But, father, what is the matter?" again inquired Helen.

"The trouble is this: Your brother Jack was, twelve years ago, in business, and he became bankrupt—not from necessity, but because he lived a fast life, and gambled, and drank, and did everything that a business man should not do. On the night before a large number of notes were due—notes which covered almost his entire indebtedness—he came to me, and made a clean breast of his condition. Helen, for once in my life I acted the fool; it did not seem to me possible that I could retain my hold in politics and my influence, if the real condition of affairs should be known. Fool that I was, I took from the county treasury $30,000 of the people's money. I was the treasurer, you know. With that Jack paid his maturing paper, and went on till he could go no farther. I see now, that it would have been better if I had let him become bankrupt at once. That $30,000 did him no good, and it has laid a burden on my shoulders that I had never been able to lift."

"What, father, has that money never been replaced?"

"How could I replace it, Helen, when I had not the means? To cover the defalcation I had to be re-elected, and when that term—it was my second—expired, I had to have some one elected in whom I could trust, and who would cover it up. I managed the nomination and election of Billings, who thus became possessed of my secret. He agreed to cover it up, and he did; but the infernal scoundrel stole nearly as much more himself during the two terms that he held office. Then after Billings's two terms were out, I had your brother Jim nominated and elected; and as you know, he held the place two terms and kept the secret, of course; and, thank God, he did not steal anything. His accounts are perfectly straight, except that he carried not only my defalcation, but that of Billings. Then I took another turn at it myself, and my first term is now closing. False entries were kept, and the borrowing of money for the days when the county commissioners examine the treasury, and the matter has been kept concealed until now. Of course, every auditor and most of the county commissioners understood that there was something the matter—that something was being concealed. They have presumed upon that, and I have paid them money—hush money, in fact—until a ring has grown up, all more or less guilty, all linked together, so that no one dare expose his fellows."

"Father, father, how is all this to end?" exclaimed Helen, in a distressed tone.

"God knows, Helen! We who are in this ring are staving off the evil day by keeping the county officers in our ranks. We change about from one to the other, but always take good care that some one in our full confidence—one of us, in fact—is in every office that has anything to do with the county funds."

"Well, how long can this go on?" Helen's face had gradually grown as pale as that of a marble statue.

"Helen, we could go on for years; but a new element has come into the field, and one which must be brought over to our support, or ruin, irretrievable ruin, comes with the next election; for my time expires then."

"What is that element?"

"It is a man—one single man."

"And he is—?"

"Caleb Mason. He has an inkling of the condition of things. He has that infernal intuition by which he can tell that there is something wrong. There are a few men in this world who seem to have a sixth sense; they succeed because they intuitively place their fingers on the weak spots in their opponents; and no one can stand up against them. Caleb Mason is one of these men. He is as ambitious as Lucifer. He wishes to climb to place and power, and he knows, to a dead moral certainty, that if he once breaks our ranks and gets him off or some man devoted to him in a position where he can command a knowledge of the financial affairs of the county, that he will unearth something that can overwhelm us. He is sharp, and he knows there is no better chance of endearing himself to the people of the county, upon whose shoulders he means to mount, than to expose men whom he shrewdly suspects of plundering the public. It would delight him to be able to unearth such a matter as this, for it would be the making of his political fortunes."

"Well?" Helen put that one word of interrogation with apparent calmness, but her pale face showed that there was terrible emotion at her heart.

Her father sprang to his feet, and, grasping her by the shoulders, with a look of anxiety on his face which was almost fierce in its intensity, went on:

"Helen, there is but one way that can save us. Caleb Mason must belong to us! He must be made one of us. He must be so placed that it will be to his interest to shield us and not betray us. He has gained such prestige with this one struggle with us that he can become all-powerful in the next election. He carried the town against us in the last election; he will carry the county against us at the next. He must be made one of us."

"How can this be done?"

"How? Easily enough! Helen, he loves you—or, if he does not, he loves himself, and with him that is equivalent. He does not know, fortunately, how far we are involved, and also very fortunately, he does not realize the extent of the power that is in his own hands. He fancies that we are still as powerful as we were before—that it would be a great thing to become allied to our family and have the influence we possess to advance him. He does not know that we need his influence as much as he needs ours. Then he has plenty of money at his command. Old Simon Dunlap made him as good as his heir—for he is left sole executor, without bond, and if he don't manage to have the bulk of the old farmer's money stick to his fingers, I am mistaken in my judgment of him. He has enough money, at least, at his command to extricate me from my trouble with the county; and if we don't capture him now, he will capture the convention this fall, get one of his own men on the treasurer's office, and there will be such an explosion as was never seen in this corner of the state; and that explosion will mean utter ruin for us all. Helen, you can save us all; you can save your father. Will you do it?"

Helen spoke slowly, "You mean—by my marrying Mason?"

"Yes, my daughter. It is our only salvation. I know that Blanchard can not raise that amount of money, if he would; and even if you were his wife I don't believe he would. He doesn't like Jack, nor for that matter any of the family but you. He wouldn't raise a finger to help any of us. As for influence in getting me the nomination again, he is of no use. He doesn't care a straw for political matters; and, if he did, he has no knowledge of how to do it. And besides, he has expressed himself so forcibly against the 'ring,' as he terms us, that he could not be induced to help us in the least. His cursed consistency is against it."

"Father, I will hear no more of this! I will not sell myself to save the family places, nor for Jack's sake. I will not!"

The father had one more arrow in his quiver.

"Very well, my child; follow your own inclinations. But what will Dr. Blanchard, who is a very proud man, say when I ask him to save Jack and myself, both criminals, because he is my son-in-law? Your other admirer is an officer; a man of the world not to mind so small a matter. But follow your own inclinations." And he left her.

Helen was in a predicament, which she did not dare to think of. On the one hand, her faith in Blanchard, and the love she actually bore him; on the other, the ruin of her father's family, and the opportunities that were held out to her for the gratification of her ambition. The last conside

Recent Literature.

NEW BOOKS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Jed—Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced—Knickerbocker Nuggets—Preserving Green Forage—Two Coronets—Pamphlet Novels—September Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Jed" is a story which is further described upon the title page as "A Boy's Adventures in the Army of '61-'65," by Warren Lee Goss, who is already known by his "Soldier's Story of his Captivity at Andersonville and other Prisons," and also his "Recollections of a Private," which appeared in the War Series of the *Century* magazine. The incidents, which are graphically described, are claimed to be true, most of them being drawn from the author's own personal experiences. The adventures of Jed and Dick are in no sense exaggerations, but truthful. There were many and many a youth no older than these who were in the army in those stirring times. The book is well written, and it will stir its boy readers to patriotism. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., 13 Astor Place, New York City.

A little book issued by G. P. Putman's Sons, New York, which will challenge the interest of all students and indeed of everybody who desires to speak well, and correctly is "Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced" by William Henry P. Phyfe. It includes a very large number of proper names and phrases from foreign languages which are so rarely understood as to their rules and accents. It will be found of great assistance to them who occupy a prominent position in society, to public readers and speakers, in short to almost all classes. In short it is a most convenient hand book of pronunciation.

One of the Knickerbocker Nuggets recently issued by the Putnams is "Tales," by Heinrich Zschokke. These tales belong to the standard German fiction, and have a definite and original individuality of their own. Out of a series of about 50 stories the four selected are thought to be best representative of the author. The translation of the first three was by Mr. Parke Godwin, and the fourth by Mr. William P. Prentice.

A book issued by the Howard & Wilson Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill., is "Colsord's System of Preserving Green Forage With out Heat or Fermentation, by the Use of the Silo Governor." The work is by Samuel M. Colsord, of Dover, Mass., and it seems to be written in plain, direct language, so that any one may be able to understand and work by the system without difficulty. It will bring it before the public in a way to make it possible for those interested to see what the experiments and their results have been, and what they may expect.

"Two Coronets," by Mary Agnes Tincker, author of "Signor Monaldin's Niece," etc., is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. It opens in an Italian hamlet, and plunges the reader, at once, into a story which is full of dramatic incident. It hinges upon a plot by which the heiress to an old house is deprived of her inheritance for many years, in fact, until after she has grown and is married. Of course there is the usual amount of love and intrigue, all of which works out to a happy ending. The story is very well told and will hold the reader to the close.

"Fatima: A Dream of Passion," by Abe S. Jackman, is published by J. S. Ogeivie, New York. The writer has some ability, which would be better employed than in imitating some other writers who have obtained an unhealthy notority.

Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago, issue a pamphlet novel entitled "Jacob Valmont, Manager," by Geo. A. Wall and Geo. B. Heckel.

A novel issued in the Minerva series is "Her Sacrifice," by F. W. Pearson. It is further described upon the title page as "The Hand of Fate." The Minerva Publishing Co., New York.

Literary Notes.

Oscar Browning is writing a life of Geo. Eliot.

Pierre Loti, the novelist, is a lieutenant in the French army.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish this month Robert Louis Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae."

The "life and letters" of Maria Mitchell will be prepared by a sister of the distinguished teacher.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately in their International Educational Series a volume on "European Schools."

Less than 20 years ago Zola was an almost unknown political reporter. He is now 48 years old and the best paid writer in France.

A number of unpublished manuscripts left by the late Francis S. Saltus, a brother of Edgar Saltus, are to be brought out in book form.

The Catholic Publication Society company has been appointed agents in New York of the publications of the Catholic Truth society of London.

Richard Malcolm Johnson received a legacy of $2,000 by the will of the late John W. McCoy, of Baltimore, whose library goes to Johns Hopkins University.

Bret Harte's British popularity seems to retain more vitality than his popularity in America. Harte's next serial will appear in *Pick Me Up*, the London society journal.

Mrs. Lamb continues her valuable series of papers on the "Historic Homes and Landmarks" of New York city in the September number of the *Magazine of American History*.

Gen. Lew Wallace recently received an offer of $4,000 to deliver twenty lectures on the Pacific coast this winter, and was compelled to decline on account of pressing literary work.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will soon publish "Familiar Talks on Astronomy, Geography and Navigation," by Captain W. H. Parker, a veteran teacher and navigator, author of "Recollections of a Naval Officer," etc.

The seventh number of the Riverside Paper Series is Isaac Henderson's story of "Agatha Page." This "parable," as the author calls it, was justly recognized at the time of its appearance a few months ago, as an uncommonly strong story.

"A Collection of the Letters of Dickens, 1833-1870," compiled from already published materials, is the title of a book which will be published by the Scribners in uniform style with the 16mo. edition of recently published Thackeray letters.

Charlotte M. Yonge's new historical story will be ready next week. Its title is "The Cunning Woman's Grandson; a Tale of Children a Hundred Years Ago." The publisher, Thomas Whittaker, will issue at the same time "The Third Miss St. Quentin," by Mrs. Molesworth.

The October *Season* just received, and is one of the finest productions of its kind. Keeping aloof from other matter besides dress and home decorations and art work of every description make it invaluable to ladies as a reliable authority on all matters pertaining to these subjects.

The publishers of *St. Nicholas* announce that that popular children's magazine is to be enlarged, beginning with the new volume, which opens with November, 1889, and that a new and clearer type will be adopted. Four important serial stories by four well-known American authors will be given during the coming year.

William Black says, respecting his habits of composition, that after breakfast he writes steadily for two hours, and one hour after dinner, which is all the time he gives to literary work. During the rest of the day he walks, or reads, or writes letters. He writes rapidly and makes few erasures. He is engaged upon a new story, the serial publication of which will begin next January.

How It's Done in France.

In France, when a patient is under chloroform, on the slightest symptoms appearing of failure of the heart, they turn him nearly upside down—that is, with his head downward and his heels in the air. This, they say, always restores him; and such is their faith in the efficacy of this method that the operating tables in the Paris hospitals are made so that in an instant they can be elevated with one end in the air, so as to bring the patient into a position resembling that of standing on his head.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Imparts New Energy to the Brain,
giving the feeling and power of
intellectual power.

ZE FINE CIGARS.

A Clever Trick That Has Fooled a Great Many New Yorkers.

The proprietor and a few friends were sitting around a table in an up-town cafe the other day, when the door opened and two men, each carrying a big bundle under his arm, walked in and took seats at another table. The newcomers were evidently foreigners, judging from their olive complexion, sparkling black eyes, and fine white teeth.

They held an animated conversation in Spanish over a small bottle of wine, and occasionally shot furtive glances at the proprietor. One of them walked over to the table where he was sitting, and asked: "Does Senor Martinez leev in zis neighborhood?"

The proprietor replied that he knew no one of that name, and the Spaniard walked back to his companion. The proprietor whispered to his friends: "I know what these ducks are up to. Just watch and you'll see some fun."

Presently the Spaniard crossed the room again, and addressing the gentlemen around the table, said:

"I haf got some arteecles to deleever to Senor Martinez, in New York, and I haf lost hees cart. Do none of ze gentlemen know Senor Martinez? He keep a beeg cafe."

The proprietor repeated that he knew no such person.

"Ah," said the Spaniard, "zat ees too bad. I haf a lot of beautiful cigars, gran' cigars, which I haf brought from Cuba, and I take zem all back again."

And he cast appealing glances at the proprietor's friends.

Seeing that no one was affected by this declaration, he leaned over, and in a hoarse whisper said: "I am zee steward on a Cuban steamer, and I have smuzzled zee cigars, beautiful Havana cigars, for Senor Martinez. Haf you got a room where I can show zem to you? Beautiful cigars, gran' cigars, all Havana. Can't take 'em back no more. Let you haf 'em vera cheap."

The proprietor, without saying a word, walked over to where his hat hung on a peg and took it off. The face of the cigar vender fell. He threw down a dollar bill for the wine, and hastily grabbing his bundle walked out of the room, followed by his companion. The proprietor laughed and said to his friends, who looked surprised:

"That's quite an old game. Those cigars no more saw Havana than I did. Those fellows make a living by getting people to believe that they work on Cuban steamers and smuggle the cigars. The cigars are usually of the two for five species. These men are mighty clever, and it takes an old hand at the game to detect them. They probably thought just now that I was going to call a policeman, and thought it best to skip, even though they were not smugglers."—*N. Y. Sun.*

DID SHE DO IT ON PURPOSE?

The Adventure of a Young Woman With Old Ocean's Angry Waves.

An amusing little scene was enacted at Long Beach on Monday, says the New York *Sun*. A number of excursionists had gone down for the day to look at the great waves, and among them was a very pretty little woman. She attracted a great deal of attention as she walked up past the cottages. When she had had enough of this cottage admiration she calmly walked down through the incoming wavelets, in so doing showing a pair of pretty ankles to good advantage.

Taking a seat on a bench about 100 feet from the board walk, she drew her feet up under her and watched the breakers that dashed up dangerously near to her.

Meanwhile a crowd of some hundred persons had gathered on the board walk to watch the strange proceeding. The young woman appeared to enjoy her dangerous situation immensely. Then the water began to rise. The breakers came thundering up to within ten feet of her, and the pleasant smile on the face of the young woman gave place to a terrified how-am-I-going-to-get out-I'm-a-big-goose-for-coming sort of a look. The water was level with the seat of the bench. The young woman was now sitting on the back of the bench. She had lost her bonnet and her red-gold hair hung in damp masses over her pretty shoulders. The sand under the bench began to go out with the undertow, the bench began to shake and then, as most other women would have done, the young woman screamed.

A bold young man in a wine-colored fall overcoat sprang nimbly to her rescue. As he caught her up in his arms and struck out for the board walk, the men in the crowd cheered, while the ladies remarked with a sniff that "there was probably method in her madness."

A Dickens Catalogue.

Perhaps the following anecdotic catalogue will prove interesting to the readers of "Notes and Queries":

"Oliver Twist," who had some very "Hard Times" in the "Battle of Life," and having been saved from "The Wreck of the Golden Mary" by "Our Mutual Friend," "Nicholas Nickleby," had just finished reading "A Tale of the Two Cities" to "Martin Chuzzlewit," during which time "The Cricket on the Hearth" had been chirping right merrily, while "The Chimes" from an adjacent church were heard when "Seven Poor Travelers" were found singing "A Christmas Carol." "Barnaby Rudge" then arrived from "The Old Curiosity Shop" with some "Pictures from Italy" and "Sketches by Boz" to show "Little Dorrit," who was busy with the "Pickwick Papers," when "David Copperfield," who had been taking "American Notes," entered, and informed the company that the "Great Expectations" of "Dombey and Son" regarding "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy" had not been realized, and that he had seen "Boots at the Holly Tree Inn" taking "Somebody's Luggage" to "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" in a street that is "No Thoroughfare," opposite "Bleak House," where the "Haunted Man" had just given one of "Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions" to "An Uncommercial Traveller" while brooding over "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Huxley on the Mosaic Law.

Professor Huxley says in his last article in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Agnosticism and Christianity:" "There is no code of legislation, ancient or modern, at once so just and so merciful, so tender to the weak and poor, as the Jewish law." This is strong testimony from an unexpected source, to the superhuman origin of that marvelous law. For, taking into the account the character of the Jews and the age in which the law was promulgated, could anything have been more improbable than the evolution of such a law from such a people?

The Camerons and Macdonalds.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

It is a curious fact that the old 79th Reg. of Cameron Highlanders, which is stationed at Balmoral during Queen Victoria's residence in Scotland, does not contain a single man in the corps whose name is Cameron. On the other hand, there are no less than 300 Macdonalds in the ranks. In order to appreciate the ludicrous side of this state of affairs it should be added that the Highland clans of Cameron and Macdonald have been on terms of bitter enmity for several centuries.

A Realistic Actor.

"Well, sir, you heard me sing 'Masaniello' yesterday. Are you ready to engage me?" "I don't know. Your voice was very heavy. You were almost hoarse." "In heaven's name, don't you understand that I am a realistic player! Don't you see that 'Masaniello' was a fisherman, and almost all day in the water? He must have had a continual cold."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

It is Worth Reading.

We understand a busy man's views in regard to prolixity. In these days affairs proceed at a railroad rate, and there is no time for unnecessary bait, so we fall in with this idea momentum, and briefly call attention to the essential points of a vital matter, or rather; we let others do it for us. Here are extracts from two letters which need no further comment:

REISTERSTOWN, MD., Feb. 15, 1888.

"I would like to see you and tell you what Compound Oxygen has done for me. It was slow but sure. Now almost after two years, after using only one treatment, I think I can say truthfully my health is as perfect as it can be on earth. Two doctors of Baltimore examined me and said mine was a hopeless case of asthma, and I will not tell you how much I have suffered with my lungs."

MRS. MARY R. IRELAND.

A concluding extract from another letter will furnish most satisfactory reading.

MYERSVILLE, MD., Aug. 6, 1888.

I believe the Compound Oxygen Treatment to be an invaluable remedy, because of the incalculable benefit I received from its use.

REV. A. M. SMITH,
Pastor of Ev. Lutheran Church.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia, all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St. Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE TRUTHFUL RESOLVER.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

MR. JOHN UPANDOWNJOHN had the misfortune to be a strictly honest man, in which particular he stood lamentably alone. He was constructed peculiarly—he was born into an atmosphere of integrity, and his training had added to his natural bent to a degree that made him as incapable of an untruth, or the semblance thereof, as George Washington himself. Having this tendency, it was well for him that he was born with a fortune, for his rigid adherence to his principles unfitted him for almost every occupation. He did try journalism, but was dismissed ignominiously for saying of a candidate of the party with which the paper acted, that he was a thief and a trickster. Then he essayed the law, but he saw enough of law before he had been in an office two weeks, while medicine lasted him scarcely a week. So he determined to do nothing but live on his income and be an honest man.

He adopted certain rules by which he lived, and he could no more depart from them than he could rise from the earth and take a place among the stars. He ate exactly so much, at certain fixed hours, and of certain kinds of food. He drank so many times a day, of certain liquors he fancied were good for him, measuring the quantity with the accuracy and precision of an apothecary; and so far did he carry rule into life, that he put on and off his clothing on certain days in certain months, without reference to weather. I saw him shivering one bright but very cold morning in June, and demanded the reason.

"I laid off my woolens this morning," said he.

"Why lay off your woolens in winter weather?" I asked.

"The 1st of June is my day therefor," said he. "The weather ought to be warm to-day. I cannot break my rule."

He never neglected to pay a debt, and never told a lie, not even a white one. He was cut out of an aunt's will, by responding to her anxious inquiry as to how she looked in a certain dress which she had set her heart on, with the simple word "hideous." And the same devotion to truth barred him, no matter what path he took.

He was frightfully unpopular, though, notwithstanding he held a high position among his fellows. His child-like simplicity and sterling integrity made him valuable, and besides every one knew that his devotion to truth was honest, and had nothing of bumptiousness or malice in it.

Mr. Upandownjohn was a member of the Leviathan Club. I write the work *was* sadly, for he is a Leviathan no more. The cause and manner of his leaving that delightful association of good men is the animus of this paper.

The members of the Leviathan were pleased with the appearance of Mr. Upandownjohn, and made much of him. Had they known him better they would have loved him less, for his peculiar virtue was never popular in that club.

He excited attention, first, by his habit of correcting loose-talking members when their statements were highly flavored with romance; as, for instance, when one gentleman asserted that his father owned Flora Temple when she was a colt, using her as a common hack, and selling her finally for fifty dollars, Mr Upandownjohn quietly put him down.

"I knew your father," he said, "and a worthy, truthful man he was. He died just three years before Flora Temple was foaled. The mare he used for a hack and sold for fifty dollars must have been some other famous animal. Flora Temple will some day be the death of me.—Every racing season some one narrated the circumstance of his father having owned Flora Temple and worked her as a hack, and what is more exasperating, he always sold her for fifty dollars. Would that I could find one man whose father sold her for sixty dollars or sixty-two dollars and fifty cents. You, my dear sir, are the sixty-eighth man this season whose father once owned Flora Temple. She was the most extensively owned mare I ever knew anything about."

On another occasion a gentleman detailed with great minuteness how, in doing the regular thing at Niagara by going under the sheet, the wind parted the torrent and he stepped out upon the shelf outside, when, to his horror, the opening closed, leaving him outside the falling sheet on a narrow ledge of rock. With great presence of mind he darted through the falling sheet and rejoined the frightened party, who supposed him lost forever.

Mr. Upandownjohn took pencil and paper, and worked all night and the next day, without sleeping or eating. The next evening he exhibited to the hero of this marvelous adventure the weight of the water in that sheet, and demonstrated to him the fact that, had he got under it, he would have been mashed, though he had been constructed of steel.

"Are you sure it was Niagara?" he asked anxiously. "Wasn't it some other fall?"

One day a member died, and the club did the usual thing by him. A committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressing the bereavement of the members, and, as ill-luck would have it, Upandownjohn was put upon the committee.

They met, and, as is usually the case two of the members really had no time to attend to it. One had an engagement at the theatre, the other was to take his sister—or some one else's—to the opera.

"Upandownjohn," said the first, "you have nothing to do, and are handy with the pen. There is no earthly necessity for keeping us here. You just write out the usual resolutions, and send them down to the *Screamer*, the *Soarer*, and the *Spouter* in time for to-morrow morning."

"How shall I treat the deceased?" asked Upandownjohn.

"O in the usual way. Speak of his qualities as a man, the feelings of the club at his untimely taking-off, the sources of consolation we have, his qualities as an actor; hurl in something to alleviate the pangs of his family; speak of his general standing, and put in a strong dose of general comfort, and so on. It'll be all right. You'll attend to it now, won't you?"

"It is a disagreeable duty," replied Upandownjohn, "but I'll do it."

And they left him to his work.

Now Mr. Upandownjohn had had no experience in work of this kind, and consequently he wasn't clear as to its form. So he sent for the scrap-book, in which such utterances of the club had been pasted from the beginning. He was shocked. There were a great many sets of resolutions on deceased members, (the liquors were bad at the Leviathan) and they were precisely alike! They ran as follows:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, the ruler of the Universe, to remove from our midst our esteemed brother, John James So-and-So; and

WHEREAS, It is fit that we, his afflicted survivors of the Leviathan Club, should publicly express our sore grief at this great bereavement; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of John James So-and-So, this Club has lost a worthy member, society an ornament, his family an affectionate husband and husband, the State a pillar and defender, and the world at large one it could ill spare.

Resolved, That while we mourn with sorrow that seems to have no alleviation under the great affliction that has fallen upon us, we cannot but bow in humility to this inscrutable decree.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Club house be draped in mourning for thirty days in memory of the deceased.

As he finished, Mr. Upandownjohn brought his fist down upon the table till the glasses jingled.

"What stuff this is!" he said, indignantly. "I knew So-and-So. He was a dishonest and untruthful man—a tyrant in his family, a trader in politics, a disagreeable man in society, and a curse to humanity generally. And they mourn him, do they? And I suppose they want me to mourn Ranter, who is to be embalmed to-night. Ha! Ha! I will astonish these people. I will write one set of honest resolutions. I knew Ranter, who has just gone hence, and justice shall be done him, sure. I will be as mild as I can be, and do him justice, but I will be honest with his memory."

So Mr. Upandownjohn called for fresh pens and ink and paper, and wrote; and having made fair copies of what he wrote, took them himself to the offices of the *Screamer*, the *Spouter*, and the *Soarer*, and went home and slept as only he can sleep who rejoices over a duty done and well done.

The next morning the members of the Leviathan were astonished at reading in the journals the following:

WHEREAS, By a long course of most outrageous dissipation, of late nights, of late suppers of the grossest food, of perpetual beverages of the most villainous kind—those that give the stomach no show whatever—by unchecked and unregulated indulgence in the worst possible sensuality, in brief, by a long-continued series of the vilest outrages upon the physical, mental, and moral man, our late member, Arthur Simpson Ranter, has been taken to that bourne from which we earnestly hope he may never return and

WHEREAS, When a member of the Leviathan Club expires, it is customary to commemorate him, to give him a send off, as it were; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we when remember the villainous habit he had of revoking at whist, and also his adroit way of sliding out of paying the score whenever he lost the rubber, our grief at his departure is severely mitigated, if not entirely subdued.

Resolved, That the promptness of our late associate in accepting invitations to stake his thirst, and his intolerable tardiness in reciprocating, did more honor to his head than to his heart.

Resolved, That his habitual untruthfulness, his utter disregard for his word, and his blustering and overbearing manner, were the best points in him, as they served as a warning to the younger members of the club. For this his demise is to be lamented.

Resolved, That his habit of getting boozy before 11 a. m., and staying in that condition as long as there was a good-natured man in the club, gives us, his survivors, good reason to pause and ask no more that conundrum "Why was death introduced into the world?"

Resolved, That when we remember the success with which our late brother borrowed money, and his utter forgetfulness of such transactions, our hearts are softened toward Adam and Eve (through whose sin death was made a part of the economy of nature), and we publicly thank that lady and gentleman for their investigating turn of mind, and hurl back indignantly the charge that they did not do the best thing possible for posterity.

Resolved, That in the death of our late brother, who was vile as an actor as he was bad as a man, the long-suffering, theatre-going public have a boon, the sweetness of which cannot be overrated, and upon which we extend them hearty congratulations.

Resolved, That we congratulate Mrs. Ranter upon the fact that her private fortune was settled upon herself, and so skillfully tied up that her late husband, our deceased brother, could not get a cent of it. And we do this, remembering how often we have mourned it was so, for the reason that, could he have touched it, he would have drunk himself into an untimely tomb several years sooner than he did. Death, with us, buries all animosity and does away with all acrimony.

Resolved, That the Club House be illuminated the night of the funeral, and be draped in white for thirty days in honor of this nappy event.

Resolved, That this truthful tribute to the memory of our deceased brother be published in the *Screamer*, the *Spouter*, and the *Soarer*.

To say there was an uproar in the club the next morning, as these resolutions were read, would be to convey a very faint idea of the case. In the midst of it, when it was at its height, entered Upandownjohn, cleanly shaved, and as serene as a June morning.

"Did you write and publish this miserable mess—this ghastly concoction of infernalism?" demanded a score of indignant men.

"Yes. I write those resolutions, you mean? I did. I was appointed a committee to embalm the memory of the late Ranter in the daily papers. I did it. Do you find anything objectionable in them."

Why, you assert that he was a sponge!" exclaimed one.

"Unhappily it is the truth. I have myself paid for gallons of liquor for him."

"You said he was a bad actor."

"True enough. He never suffered under."

"What will his wife think of what you said of him?"

"She will recognize the portrait, and with us thank Heaven for her release."

"You give it as the sense of the club that he was—"

"Everything that was bad, mean, and disreputable. Very good. It is true, every word of it. He owes me thirty-seven dollars, sixty-three cents and a third, which he has owed (it was borrowed) since July 9, 1871, at twenty-seven minutes past ten o'clock in the evening. And every man of you is also his creditor. If there is a mean thing that he has not done, it has escaped my notice."

By this time Mr. Upandownjohn saw that the fellow members were angry, and he at once lost his balance and became angry too.

Brandishing his umbrella (it was not raining, but as it was the time of the month when it should have rained, he carried it) he exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, you have had one set of resolutions written which contained nothing but the truth, not the whole truth, for my time was too limited to make it possible to get in all that I could have said, and besides I desired to be as lenient as possible. Having written nothing but the truth, you are offended. It is well. I will have nothing whatever to do with a club where the truth cannot be told.—Truth, if not the immediate jewel of my soul, is very close to it. Gentlemen adieu. You have seen the last of John Upandownjohn. Should I say, I might be called upon to resolve over some of your remains, and as I cannot tell a lie, it would be unpleasant."

And that afternoon the directory received his resignation, and he was seen there no more.

There is no particular moral to this. There are very few men in the world of whom it will be pleasing, as the words now goes, to tell the truth. Therefore, all who read these lines live, as does he who writes them, so that when Azrael waves his dark pinions over them, they may lie down and die, feeling certain that the committee on resolutions, though they may be as truthful as Upandownjohn, will say nothing that will call a spirit blush to their cheeks in the hereafter.

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

Canon Farrar's Ideas on this Great Question.

I neither affirm nor deny what is called the doctrine of "Apostolic Succession." Even Archbishop Laud, the beau ideal of the High Churchman, in his controversy with Fisher the Jesuit, ventured to say no more respecting it than that "it is a great happiness where it may be had visible and continued, and a great conquest over the mutability of this present world. But I do not find any one of the ancient fathers that makes local, personal, visible and continued succession a necessary mark or sign of the true Church in any one place." As an historic fact, I consider it highly probable—indeed, almost certain—that our Bishops hold their office by the laying-on of hands, either of presbyters or Bishops, from the days of the Apostles. But I do not believe for a moment that the continuity of spiritual gifts is exclusively dependent on these mechanical transmissions. * * * I believe that not a few of the best and greatest servants of God in the Christian dispensation have been anointed only by the hands of invincible consecration. If, therefore, it could be shown there were broken links in the chain of espiscopal ordination, it would make no sort of difference to my view of the grace of ordination. Knowing, as we do, that much of the divinest work in all ages has been done by men who were neither priests nor bishops, and often in deadly antagonism to the vast majority of those who were both; and knowing, also, that "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth; so is every man that is born of the Spirit," our notes of the true Church are not the Romish ones of Cardinal Bellarmine, but rather those of Pearson and Field and Hooker and the reformers and the Articles of the Church of England.—*North American Review.*

On the Treatment of Burglars.

The Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost said last Sunday that if he should find a burglar in his house he would go to him unarmed and "talk to him as I would to a friend whom I desired to help. If he then desired to take my goods I would make no protest, nor would I cause his arrest. I would follow him to the door and invite him to come again." Once—but in fiction—this sort of thing had a good effect. It was in the case of Bishop Bienvenu and Jean Valjean. When some one suggested to Artemus Ward that he should be kind to the tiger and fondle him, Artemus replied that he "would fondle him with a club." This is the best sort of kindness to a burglar when one has no revolver at hand.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Not a Fast Color.

Miss Periode (at the races)—I shall buy the horse whose driver wears blue.

Miss Discreet—I wouldn't. Blue is not a fast color you know.

POETRY OF GUY'S ARITHMETIC.

A Famous Song of Three Knights, A, B, and C, and Their Wives.

From an old volume of *Fraser's Magazine*, published more than fifty years ago, is taken the following rhyme, entitled, "A Famous Song of the Three Knights, A, B, and C, and their Wives." The difficulty was how they were to get over a river, each being so jealous that he never would allow his wife to be (without himself) in the company of any other man.

The method in which this was done is detailed both in prose and poetry. The former is briefly given in the margin opposite each stanza of the description in rhyme:

Gentles all, I greet you well—
Listen to the tale I tell.
Of a chance that once befel.
Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three!
Down unto a river side
On a day three knights did ride,
Each on a pillion had his bride—
Oh, the woes of jealousy.

Three knights and their ladies came unto the side of a river.

In the jovial days of yore
Were the men more jealous, or
Did the dames love flirting more?
Oh! the woes of jealousy.
Know I not; but ne'er a knight
Would (from too much love or spite)
Let his lady from his sight
With the another of the Three.

What was the reason of jealousy in former days? These knights were especially jealous.

Long they watched the steam go glide,
Much they puzzled — and they tried
How to pass to t'other side,
Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three!
Near them was a boat, 'tis true;
But the boat held only two;
What should these poor travellers do?
Oh, the woes of jealousy.

and quarreled mightily.

Words they reached a fearful height,
Every man was bent to fight;
Every lady pale with fright;
Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three!
I'll go first, said haughty A.;
B. he fiercely said him nay;
C. declared he would not stay—
Oh, the woes of jealousy.

In the midst of their strife,

Each man swore and each man cursed—
Vowed he'd cross the river first;
Thus the strife grew to its worst,
Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three!
When up spake fair Mrs. C.,
Youngest, wisest of the three,
Stop your brawls, she says
—says she—
Oh, the woes of jealousy!

when each was ready to cut his neighbor's throat for the wives, Dame C. bade them stop their brawls,

I, methinks, have found a way;
Do you all as I shall say.
No'er one shall be cast away,
Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three!
Of his lady's honesty.
Ne'er a one shall doubtful be,
If you will but list to me—
Oh, the woes of jealousy!

for she knew a way in which each might go over without risk for his wife.

To this plan could none say no;
Each was glad to have it so
(Lucky was't the girls could row),
Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three.
"Row you, then, your wife, Sir A."
Thus the cunning dame did

A. roweth eye with Mrs. A.

"O'er the stream, and then, I pray,
Leave her and row back to me."

"A." he roweth his lovely bride
Manfully to the t'other side;
Backwards then the knight he lied,
Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three.
Then up rose the lovely C.,
"Come, my gentle Mistress B.,
Row the boat across with me."
Oh, the woes of jealousy.

He returneth leaving Mrs. A. on the far side.

Mrs. C. rowed back alone.
"B. and A. now get you gone,
Bring your wife back either one."
Hey, sing hey, the Rule of Three.
A. and B. rowed off with glee

Mrs. C. putteth back.

B. and A. go over.

Mr. and Mrs. B. come back.

With his lady back rowed B.;
"Now row over B. and C."
Oh, the woes of jealousy.

B. and C. row over.

"Send back Mrs. A," she said;
Mrs. A. she backward sped.
On the furthest bank now staid
A. B. C., the husbands three,
"Haste my ladies, A. and B.,
To your husbands merrily,
And send C. back unto me."
Oh, the woes of jealousy.

Back cometh Mrs. A. Thus the three ladies are on the near side, the three gentlemen on the off side. Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. go over.

Back came C. and rowed her o'er
Gaily to the furthest shore;
Tenderly the young knight swore,
By the sacred Rule of Three.
Never ever, in his life,
Would he doubt his dearest wife
Or indulge with fatal strife
Brought about by jealousy.

C.'s reconciliation with my lady C.

Lords and ladies ponder well
On the tale that here I tell;
Ne'er had this sad strife befel
But for wo'ful jealousy.
Oh! as ye would keep from strifes,
As ye value quiet lives,
To your daughters and your wives,
Teach, oh teach, the Rule of Three.

And the moral to be drawn from the whole story.

A Statue With Deformed Feet.

The Boot and Shoe Trades Journal.

Strolling through the large gallery of sculpture at the Paris Exposition, examining the feet of every statue I passed, observing how beautifully the artists had followed the laws of nature, I suddenly to my stupefaction came upon one with deformed feet. I could scarcely believe my eyes, but there it was, a black spot in this bright collection of art. How did it get there, and who could be the judges that passed it? So turning over the catalogue I found it to be "La Charmeuse," a very fine female figure in the act of blowing through two tubes, and the feet are exactly formed like all the young ladies of fashion of the present day, prominent joints, with the big toes thrust back to the smallest ones. Our great statesman, Fox, once drank to the health of his lady love out of her slipper, and the sculptor of "La Charmeuse" must have taken his sweetheart's feet as a model to account for his extraordinary departure from the laws of anatomy. The statue is by Boquine, No. 1,077, and is now the property of the Municipality of Paris. It ought to be sent back to the artist to have the feet mended, or, to speak more artistically, to have the feet remodelled.

London's Dying Souls.

Speaking of London, Cardinal Manning says: "There are 4,000,000 of living and dying and dead souls. And if every church or chapel or place of worship of every sort and kind were filled three times to the full on every Lord's day, they could not contain more than about 1,500,000. There must be, therefore, 2,500,000 who never can physically set their feet in any place of Divine worship, or any place where the name and existence of God are recognized."

Against Mendicant Monks.

Archdeacon Farrar's fervid plea for the establishment of an order of mendicant monks in the Episcopal church in England and the United States meets with a very chilling response from the church organs. After mercilessly ridiculing the whole idea, the *Churchman* says that, even if such an order were desirable, it could not be founded by a well-paid, well-fed archdeacon.

HORSE AILMENTS.

Nepeuset, Ill., May 20, 1888.
My mare caught a cold; result: swelled limbs; lump between fore-legs and inflammation. Cured her with St. Jacobs Oil.
L. O. GARDNER.

Winsboro, Tex., June 20, 1888.
My horse was hurt on hind leg; suffered 10 months; was cured by St. Jacobs Oil; cure has remained permanent.
W. J. CLINE.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

Some Burning Truths About the "Southern Queens," by a Comrade Reared in Dixie.

AFTER long silence a sense of decency and justice impels me to say something about the "Southern Queen," which I hope may at least savor of truth and fairness, and which I am sorry to say, has not hitherto characterized all that has been written upon this interesting subject. Born and reared beneath the baleful influence of slavery, a union soldier, and for sixteen years a resident of the state of "Black Laws," with a northern woman for a wife, I feel to be in a position to state the facts without bias or sectional prejudice. To those acquainted with the facts of history, or observers of the social status, there are three distinct classes in all civilized society—aristocratic, middle and low. Ignorance and poverty necessarily become slaves to knowledge and wealth. With a few honorable exceptions, the slave owners of the south were notoriously disloyal, and (in the sense of manual labor) indolent. The middle class, then and there, as now and here, and everywhere, stood as a barrier between the two extremes, who regarded each other as their worst enemies. The former lived on the fruits of slave labor. The second tilled their own land with their own hands, while the ignorance and poverty of the last were in great measure the direct result of competition with slave labor.

When the conflict came, the last two classes, as a general thing, patriotic and suffering the opprobrium and squalor of "poor white trash," naturally gravitated towards the Union. Some, influenced by love of home, reluctantly fought against their own consciences, while East Tennessee alone, to the number of 31,000, bore muskets and marched to the music of the Union, while their families remained 200 miles in the Confederacy. Will Dan Knight tell the readers of THE BLADE who provided bread and clothes for them? I have seen women, ladies of intelligence and unquestioned chastity, plowing and hoeing in the fields, and chopping fuel in the woods of East Tennessee, during and before the war (Mr. Knight to the contrary, notwithstanding) and esteemed it no disgrace. They were incidents inseparable from competition with slave labor and the hardships of war. Knight's references to the "mule," "one-eared mule," and kindred epithets, are only covert flings at the poor, made so by social ostracism because of their poverty and adherence to the Union, while their husbands, brothers and fathers were gallantly struggling to conquer a peace that should do honor to the country and its flag, and bring about a more equal and equitable condition, socially and financially.

A person of gentlemanly instincts and true soldierly qualities was never known to become facetious or bold enough to assail the poor, struggling for freedom and the necessaries of life. Such belong alone to savages and slaves to ignorance. Mr. Knight further says that in his travels through four or five southern states, he never saw women doing work of any kind. Very likely, for if left to judge from what he writes, we are forced to the inevitable conclusion that his failure to see is only exceeded by his stupidity and "cheek." Now one does that many of the southern ladies were bitter rebels, but they were ladies, nevertheless, intellectually and socially the equals of any northern woman. On the other hand, very many were as true to the Union as their rivals were bitter against it, and eminently as respectable and as well educated, and it makes no difference to intelligent, fair-minded, courteous people, whether Mr. Knight will believe it or not. His egotism is of a piece only rarely met with during the war, where a few self-important, self-constituted critics and judges tried to cast odium upon southern-born Union soldiers—it crops out in his last heroic effort to convince the country of his patriotism and valor during the war, by his pusillanous attack upon the ladies of the south. In short, safe at a distance of 1,000 miles, in time of profound peace.—HUGH CHUMLEY, Co. G, 24 Tenn. Infty., Mt. Pulaski, Ills.

DEATH BROUGHT RELIEF.

Deathbed Scene in an Army Hospital—A Mother's Grief.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In a recent letter to the Camp Fire I wrote of the sudden death of a Michigan soldier while at the hospital. In the same letter I made mention of the boy Wilson, who occupied a cot next to my own, and perhaps a description of the scenes at the time of the beloved lad's death, which occurred directly after that of "Michigan," will be interesting.

Dr. Frank had taken charge of our ward. He was from Lebanon, Ky., about 65 years of age, and had been

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the READERS; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The Date and Time of the Crucifixion.

W. M., Toledo, O.: As was stated in the Bureau of last week, the date of the Jewish festival of the Resurrection, could not be definitely ascertained when the council of Nice decreed the present method of fixing the festival; but later researches seem to have placed the date of the Crucifixion, and consequently of the Resurrection, with a considerable degree of certainty. The accounts of the Crucifixion in the four gospels do not agree exactly as to the hour. Matthew says that it was the "third hour," that is about 9 o'clock in the morning, the Jewish day commencing at 6 in the morning. John, however, distinctly states that it was "about the sixth hour" when Pilate delivered him to the mob to be crucified, which would make the occurrence to take place at 12 o'clock—at noon, according to our time. We are then told by Matthew, Mark and Luke that at the ninth hour (about 3 o'clock) Christ died. Matthew and Luke, although not stating any exact time, yet agree in the fact that it was between the third and the ninth hour when Christ is reported to have been crucified and to have died. And, judging from the events which are said to have taken place, Mark's estimate of the hour is probably more correct than that of John. Matthew, Mark and Luke each mention that there was darkness over all the earth from the sixth to the ninth hour. Christ, it will be remembered, is also stated to have been reviled and maltreated by the mob while hanging on the cross before the darkness set in, that is, before the sixth hour, which shows that his crucifixion must necessarily have taken place prior to that hour, or, according to Mark, at about "the third hour." John does not mention the preternatural darkness, but agrees with the others as to what took place at the time of death. The four evangelists each state that Christ, after having cried with a loud voice, then gave up the ghost. From the only facts that are given in the case (assuming, for the sake of argument, that the events as recorded in the four gospels are facts) the conclusion of what took place at the time), it will be seen that we cannot state with any degree of certainty the exact times of the crucifixion and death of Christ; but can only say that they occurred, the former some time between the the third and sixth hour, and the latter at about the ninth hour. Each evangelist is particular to mention the fact that the day upon which the crucifixion took place was "the day of preparation" for the Sabbath, that is on the Friday.

Now, as to the day of the month. The Passover and feast of unleavened bread was annually kept by all the Jews, and the date was a fixed one, having been settled by God himself during the wanderings of the Jews in the wilderness. In Exodus, xii, 2–6, the Lord, speaking to Moses, says, "This month (the ninth day of this month (Nisan or Abib) they shall take to them every man a lamb, and ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month, and shall kill it in the evening, and shall eat of the flesh in that night." The Passover was actually then on the fifteenth day of the month, for the Jews reckoned their days as commencing at sunset. In Leviticus, xxiii, 6, Exodus xii, 8, xiii, 10, xxxiii, 15, xxxiv, 18, 25, Numbers ix, 2 and 3, xxviii, 16 and 17, Deuteronomy xvi, 1, Joshua v, 10, the date of the Passover is also given, each passage agreeing with the one quoted. The writers of the four gospels, without exception, likewise agree as to the time and date of this feast. The Lord's Supper and the Passover, as recorded by them, are one and the same thing. Matthew says: "Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread, the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, 'Where wilt thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the Passover?'" (Matthew xxvi, 17). Words of a similar nature, all proving that the Lord's Supper was really the Passover, may also be found in Mark xiv, 12, Luke xxii, 7 and 8, and John xiii, 1 and 2. Thus we see that on the first day of the Passover, (i. e., on the 14th day of the month Nisan) the day on which the paschal lamb had to be killed, but was not eaten until the next day "in the night," (Exodus xii, 8), which, as stated above, commenced after sunset—Christ, accordingly, in partaking of supper with his disciples, ate the Passover in conformity with the usual Jewish custom, and kept the feast of the Passover. First thing in the morning, that is, on the 15th day of the month—the morning being but a continuation of the same day as that on which the Passover was eaten, and which would end at sunset—we read that "the chief priests and elders of the people took council against Jesus to put him to death, and when they had found him they led him away." (Matthew xxvii, 1-2.) Then followed his trial, condemnation, and crucifixion, all upon the same day—the 15th. The Jewish months, however, contained 29 and 28 days each alternately, so that the Passover commenced each year on a different day. But we learn from the gospels that Christ was crucified the day before the Jewish Sabbath, and as their Sabbath was, and is, held upon the seventh day, Saturday, he consequently was put to death upon the Friday, or 15th day of the month of Nisan or Abib. Dr. Gilca in his "Christian Records" concludes that the 14th day of the month Nisan for A. D. 30 (the year, according to Christian chronology, in which Christ was crucified) would, according to our modern calendar, be April 19. The 15th day of Nisan would, therefore, be April 20. Christ was, consequently, according to the gospels, crucified shortly after 9 o'clock a. m. on Friday, April 20, A. D. 30.

Koumyss, or Koumiss.

Mother, Arcadia: Koumiss is a fermented drink prepared from mare's milk by the Tartar tribes of the Russian empire, and by all the nomad races of the northern parts of Asia. It is made by diluting mare's milk with about one-sixth part of its quantity of water, and adding as a ferment about one-eighth part of very sour milk or of old koumiss. This mixture is placed in a wooden vessel, which is covered over with a thick cloth, and so left for about 24 hours in a moderately warm situation. During that time a thick coagulum rises to the surface, which is thoroughly reincorporated by churning. After standing for another day, the whole mass is again thoroughly churned and mixed up, and in this state it forms new koumiss, having an agreeable subacid taste. The liquor is mostly stored and preserved by the Tartars in skin bottles, in which the fermentation continues, developing its alcoholic qualities, and mellowing and improving its taste. Koumiss has of late years come into use as a remedial agent in cases of pulmonary consumption, and generally as a nutritious form of food, easily assimilated by delicate stomachs. Under the name of koumiss a preparation of cow's milk is sometimes sold. It is made by adding to each quart of new milk about a tablespoonful of common sugar and brewers' yeast, allowing the fermentation to proceed a sufficient length, then bottling and corking as in the case of aerated waters. Such a preparation contains about the same proportion of alcohol as genuine koumiss, but a non-alcoholic variety can also be obtained made by a process of fermentation, which continuing after bottling develops a large amount of carbonic acid and renders the liquor highly effervescent. In regard to the virtues of koumiss, they are thought to reside in the original milk from which it is prepared, in which case koumiss can be regarded as on a par with milk, so that it is a convenient form under which the essential properties of the milk can be preserved for use.

Religious Views of the Presidents.

S. F. L., Bethel Springs, Tenn.: All that we can ascertain concerning the religious views of the Presidents of the United States is included in the following: Washington was a communicant in the Episcopal church. Adams was the son of Puritan parents, who left England to enjoy religious freedom in the wilds of America. It was intended by the parents of John Adams, when they sent him to college, that he should become a clergyman in the faith of the Puritans, but he soon found himself too much of a free-thinker to feel at ease in the rigid pulpit of that day. He was often called a Unitarian, but of dogmatic theology he seems to have had very little. Jefferson was an Episcopalian, but it seems to have been what is now called an agnostic. In later life he was the originator of the Charlottesville University, of which he was chosen the first rector—an office he held until just before his death. Andrew Jackson was a real Blue-stocking Presbyterian, proud of his faith. Martin Van Buren was a staunch old Dutch Reformed, or, we did say, a communicant in any church, but through his Holland blood connected with and adhering to Presbyterianism. William Henry Harrison, the grandfather of the present President, was a devoted Episcopalian. John Tyler was of Scotch-Irish descent, and had the blood of the Covenanters in his veins. He was not connected with the church of his fathers during his administration, but was baptized on his death-bed. James K. Polk was a Presbyterian. So was Buchanan. Hayes is a regular attendant of the Methodist church. Garfield was a member of the Christian or Campbellite church, both by choice and inheritance. Arthur was the son of a Baptist clergyman, but was not, himself, a communicant in any church. Cleveland was the son of a Presbyterian dominie, was not a church member while in office, though both he and Mrs. Cleveland were quite regular in their attendance at the services in the First Presbyterian church of Washington City. President Harrison is a consistent Presbyterian, and a ruling elder in the church.

The Sargasso Sea—Pythagoras—Inclination of Earth's Axis.

I. G., Clifty, Ark.: 1.—The "Sargasso sea" is a name sometimes given to the central portion of the North Atlantic ocean, covered with floating masses of *sargassum bacciferum*, or "gulf weed," a variety of seaweed whose home is in the Gulf of Mexico. There are two areas, the one between longitude 29 degs. and 45 degs. west, and latitude 21 degs. and 33 degs. north. The smaller area lies northeast of Porto Rico. The ocean currents form in reality a vast eddy, and the floating weed collects near the middle, thus forming the Sargasso sea.

2.—Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, was born about the year 580 B. C., in Samos. He spent 30 years in travel and the attainment of knowledge. He settled in Crotona, in lower Italy, where he resided some 20 years, when he was banished, and retired to Metapontum, where he died shortly after. His system of philosophy is curious, but now has no other interest.

3.—The most obvious proof that the earth's axis is inclined 23½ degrees to the plane of the ecliptic, is the apparent northerly and southerly movement of the sun. If the axis were not inclined at all, the sun would be overhead at the equator all the time. But it appears to move north 23½ degrees and south 23½ degrees; and it would not do this if the axis were not inclined 23½ degrees.

Land for Soldiers.

Constant Reader, Carleton, Mich., writes: "A soldier enlisting in the fall of 1861, in the 16th Michigan, wounded on October 3, 1862, and discharged November, 1862, wants to know whether he is entitled to 160 acres of land; where this land is, and to whom he must apply?"

No soldier of the rebellion is entitled to any land, but he is favored in the matter of taking up a homestead. The law requires five years' residence on a homestead to perfect title; but soldiers honorably discharged are to have the length of time they served (not to exceed four years) deducted from the necessary five years; and it is also provided that a soldier discharged because of disability incurred in the service may be credited with the full term for which he enlisted. As we presume you enlisted for three years, you will then only have to reside on the homestead two years instead of five. You can take up a homestead on any government land in the United States open for settlement.

National Flowers.

Subscriber, Sandoval, Ill.: The following table gives the national floral emblems of various countries, as well as those of certain political parties:

States.	Emblems.
Athens	Violet
Canada	Sugar Maple
Egypt	Lotus
England	Rose
France	Fleur de Lis
Germany	Cornflower
Ireland	Shamrock
Italy	Lily
Prussia	Bramble
Saxony	Mignonette
Scotland	Thistle
Spain	Pomegranate
Wales	Leek
Parties.	Emblems.
Beaconsfield's followers	Primrose
Bonapartists	Violet
Ghibellines	White lily
Guelphs	Red lily
Prince of Orange	Orange

The Erie Canal.

V. H. M., Rainstown, Ind.: 1.—The Erie canal, 363 miles long, connects the Hudson river at Albany and Troy with Lake Erie at Buffalo. It was commenced in 1817, and opened in 1825, costing $7,602,000. It has since been enlarged, and has now a breadth of 70 feet at the surface and 56 feet at the bottom, with a depth of 7 feet. The locks are 110 feet long and 18 feet wide. There are 72 of these, 57 deep and 15 single. 2.—As you can see from its dimensions, ocean vessels can not use it. It is a very important work, making direct water connection between the Great Lakes and the Hudson (down the Hudson river from Albany to New York), and is especially valuable to Western farmers, as by its competition with the railways, it keeps the rate of freight on grain at a much lower figure than if it did not exist.

The Army of West Virginia.

P. D. M., Nora, Neb.: 1.—It is very difficult to find any information save the most scanty, concerning the Army of West Virginia. Pinkerton, in his "Statistical Records of the War of the United States," mentions but one engagement in which it was engaged as an organization—that of Cloyd's Mountain, May 9 and 10, 1864. The troops engaged in that battle were the 12th, 23d, 34th and 36th Ohio; 9th, 11th, 14th and 15th West Virginia; 3d and 4th Pennsylvania Reserves. 2.—The 1st Brigade, 2d Division, of this army was Hayes's Brigade, and consisted of the four Ohio regiments mentioned above. 3.—We have no record.

The Goodwin Sands.

E. B. C., Toledo, .: The Goodwin Sands are a series of dangerous shoals just north of the strait of Dover, near the east coast of the county of Kent, England. They are seven miles east of Deal, and about the same distance from Sandwich. The roadstead known as the Downs lies between them and the mainland. They are about ten miles long.

The Spellbinders.

Curious, Findlay, O.: A "Spellbinder" is a person who holds other persons "spellbound." A member of the Republican National committee during the campaign of 1888, noticing that the speakers, in reporting to the committee, invariably said that they had held their audiences "spel-bound", gave them the name of "Spellbinder." The name was then applied by the committee to the republican leaders, who soon after the election, held a jubilation at Delmonico's, in New York.

The Revised Bible.

Several inquirers: The Revised Version of the New Testament was published in 1881, and of the Old Testament in 1885. Hence the Revised Version of the Bible is complete. Any bookseller can order it; it is published in a great variety of editions and prices.

Miscellaneous.

C. G., Mill Spring, Mo.: Ohio never voted any bounty to her soldiers in the civil war.

A. B., Antioch, Ill.: The term of a President in Mexico is four years, and he is eligible to re-election.

A. M., Grayville, Ill.: Inquire of "Light-house Board, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C."

A. W. B., Lassin, Wash.: President Harrison's "full name" is Benjamin Harrison. He has no middle name.

C. L. T., Dwight, Kan.: Any bookseller can give you names and prices of books on the "Delsarte System."

M. L., Mt. Clemens, Mich.: From 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 bushels of wheat are consumed annually for the bread of the people of the United States.

E. L. B., Newark, N. J.: Your question is one that only a lawyer familiar with the laws of the State in which the agreement was made can answer satisfactorily.

A. G., Silver Creek, N. Y.: The famous article which led to S. S. Cox being called "Sunset" was given THE BLADE of last week, under "News of the Week," on the 8th page.

H. M. P., Sylvania, O.: It is perfectly proper for a professional man to use his professional title in signing his name, unless writing to an intimate friend who is perfectly aware of his profession.

Old Soldier, New Amsterdam, Ind.: Your requests for recipes for cracker-baking have been handed to the Household. We cannot answer questions here that belong to other departments.

Subscriber, Albia, Iowa: We are unable to say whether any American glass-works make French plate 10 by 12 feet in size. Terre Haute, Indiana, has the largest plate-glass plant in the United States, we think.

J. K. C., Luverne, Minn.: 1.—"The Confessions of a Drunkard" has never been printed in book form. 2.—All of D. R. Locke's works not printed in book form you will find scattered on the 5th page of the Weekly BLADE.

Uno, Lexington, Ky.: The murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke, in Phenix Park, Dublin, occurred May 6, 1882. Brady, Curley, Fagan, Caffrey and Kelley were hanged for it. Kavanagh, Carey and others turned state's evidence.

Subscriber, Earling, Iowa: Hildegarde is pronounced Hill-de-gard, accent on 1st; Gwendolen (not Gwendolin) Gwen-do-len, accent on 1st, second syllable to rhyme with "so;" Gladys, Glad-dis, accent on 1st; Regina, Re-jee-na, accent on 2d.

H. R., Vallonia, Ind.: "Christian Science" is a recent development of the "mind cure" mania, its devotees claiming that all diseases are simply imaginary, and can be cured by the mind. It is a humbug, not worth detailed description.

H. E. B., Ledger, Pa.: The feminine name "Althea" is Greek, and means "a healer." It is the name of a large family of flowers, the common hollyhock being *althea rosea*. Hence if it became used, as many classical flower names were, as a girl's name. There never was a noted woman named Althea that we can recall.

G. B. M., Daggett, Cala.: Tellurium is a metal, though it has much analogy in its properties to sulphur and selenium. It melts at between 800 and 900 degrees. Pure, it has a brilliant metallic lustre, lead-gray in color. It is frequently found in combination with gold and silver. We are not familiar with the processes of extracting gold and silver from tellurides ores.

A. M. C., Campbell, Fla.: 1.—Anne Hutchinson was a woman who was banished from Boston in 1636 for claiming to have divine revelations, and teaching erroneous doctrines. Miles Standish was a soldier, and one of the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth. John Carver was a Pilgrim, and the first governor of the infant colony. 2.—James B. Eads was a noted civil engineer. He built the gunboats used on the Western rivers during the rebellion; projected and built the St. Louis bridge across the Mississippi; and projected and built the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi. He died in 1887. 3.—There have been five "amnesty proclamations" since 1863, but the one you mean is probably that of Dec. 25, 1868, the last one, which offered amnesty unconditionally to all engaged in the rebellion.

C. H. T., East Galway, N. Y.: You must understand that, in giving an opinion on minerals sent us, we can not go to the expense of an assay, which would cost from $5 to $25 for each sample. The bit of blackish rock is coarse dark granite, with scales of mica; the other three seem to be sand with mica scales. The lightest looks like bronze powder. There is no gold in any of it.

J. H. D., Donovan, Ill.: 1.—You must excuse us from describing pool-selling, as it is a system of gambling. 2.—Kemmler, the New York wife-murderer who was sentenced to be executed by electricity, the first under the new law, took an appeal to the Supreme court of the state on the ground it would be "a cruel and unusual punishment," and hence unconstitutional. The appeal has not yet been tried. 3.—Wm. M. Tweed died in Ludlow street jail, New York city, in 1878.

D. H., Lowell, Ill.: 1.—For an answer to your question concerning the public debt for August, see article on 4th page, 7th column, BLADE of Sept. 12; also same issue, 8th page, 2nd column—Our Finances. 2.—The latest estimate of gold and silver coin in circulation in the United States that we have at hand is that of the Director of the Mint on June 30, 1885, which is as follows: Gold, $542,174,636; silver, $278,824,201. Total, $820,998,837.

H. E. Amesbury, Mass.: 1.—The classification of postoffices, salaries, etc., was given in full in the BLADE of June 6. 2.—Petitions for appointment as postmasters of second or third class offices are to be addressed to the Postmaster General. 3.—There is no general form of petition for signatures of citizens, asking for the appointment of a certain person. The only requisite is that the petition desired, the name of the applicant, and the reasons why he should have the appointment, should be distinctly stated.

Teacher, Texas City, Ill.: 1.—The legislature of Arkansas undoubtedly had the power to change the name of the state if that state was to be properly pronounced, but of course it has not over the name of the river. However, there is no doubt that historically "Ark-an-saw" is the proper pronunciation of the name of the sixth state and it is also provided that a soldier discharged because of disability incurred in the service may be credited with the full term for which he enlisted. As we presume you enlisted for three years, you will then only have to reside on the homestead two years instead of five. You can take up a homestead on any government land in the United States open for settlement.

HUNTING BIG SEALS.

THE SEARCH FOR THE SEAL LAND.

Romantic Story of Its Discovery Only a Hundred Years Ago—An Old Legend.

There is more than an international question in Behring Sea to any one with a taste for the romantic in voyage and discovery and for the remarkable in natural phenomena, for the fur seals of the Alaskan Ocean have been the object of a search as persistent and romantic, though eventually more successful, as that for the fabled El Dorado, and the phenomenon of the annual visits of the seals of their mysterious island breeding places is one of the most interesting developments of animal intelligence. It is now barely a hundred years since the Seal Islands were discovered by man—at least by civilized man, with a knowledge of the longing of civilized woman for sealskin sacques. For 100 years Russian keels by the score had been cleaving the waters of Behring Sea and the North Pacific in the search for fur-bearing animals. Kamtchatka was discovered and populated. The Aleutian Islands were overrun and punctuated with the trading stations of Russian companies. Alaska was added to Russian possessions and a government established there. The sea otter, at first numerous, was almost driven from its haunts. Twenty-five or thirty different companies, with hundreds of vessels employing thousands of men, were engaged in the business that the almost extinction of the otter and increasing scarcity of other fur-bearing animals threatened to destroy.

Meantime every year, at certain seasons, the Aleutian passes and channels were seen to swarm with fur seals, passing north in the spring and south in the fall. No one knew whither they went or so long as an hour on any part of the known Alaskan land. The natives professed absolute ignorance as to where the seals went ashore to breed. It was some land in the north, they said, but since the times of the earliest traditions among them, no Aleut had run the prow of his skin canoe upon the beach of that mysterious land, or set foot upon its soil. In the south, too, said the natives, there was somewhere another land where the seals stayed during the winter. So north and south, as the sea otters grew more and more scarce, sailed every year more and more Russian vessels in search of the mysterious home of the seal. But for many years the vessels came back to port as empty as when they went away, and no man saw the land where wealth lay in droves, waiting to be killed and skinned.

PRIBYLOV'S SEARCH

One day old Gerassim Pribylov, a mate serving at that time under one of the Russian companies, heard from a gray haired Aleut at Oonalaska, a legend of the natives that concerned certain islands said to exist in Behring sea. Like the superstitious sailor-man that he was, old Pribylov took stock in the ancient native legend, and next spring, in the little sloop St. George, he sailed from Oonalaska into the foggy northern sea. Seals swarmed about him as he went northward, but gradually they disappeared and all summer he sailed about over the cold waste of water with never a seal in sight, let alone an island. In the fall when he sailed back to Oonalaska, seals by the hundred thousand frolicked under his vessel's keel, keeping him company southward. There was grit in the old man, and next spring he went north with the seals again, lost sight of them as before, sailed clear to the northern straits, and in the fall went back again with the frolicking seals, to be laughed at or sympathized with by hundreds of others who were just sailing away to search for the seal land of the south.

Pribylov stuck to his idea with true Russian stubbornness, however, and in the spring of 1786, for the third consecutive year, he staked his season's work on the old native's legend, and sailed out of Oonalaska to follow the seal to their mysterious breeding ground. Fogs beset him for weeks at the time, and he had made slow progress, when one day in July, through the dense vapor, he heard a vague roaring and rumbling sound, a sound for which the ears of every sailor in those seas had been alert for many a year. Guided by the roaring, which he knew for that of a sea rookery, he presently saw a dark rocky mass arising out of the ocean, and found himself plump up against an island of considerable size, along the shores of which in every direction he saw a million seals lying as closely together as sardines in a box. He filled his ship with skins and sailed back to Oonalaska, and, leaving a few men to guard the secret of his island, of which he had taken possession in the name of Russia, and which he had called St. George, after his vessel, he went on to the nearest Russian port to sell his cargo and fit out anew.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

His secret was too great to keep, however, and when, in 1787, he again reached Oonalaska, his men had all disappeared and a dozen vessels hovered about, waiting to set their sails after his when he started north. With him to sail ahead, it was easy to find the island, the location of which thus became common property. That same summer some of Pribylov's men discovered St. Paul's Island, seeing its peaks by chance on a bright day. The islands were named by Pribylov after Mr. Sulov, who was a part owner and chief officer of the St. George, but the authorities changed this and gave Pribylov his merited fame by naming the islands after him. They are 200 miles from anywhere, Oonalaska, the mainland at St. Matthew Island being about that distance from them on the south, east, and north, respectively. They seem to be situated just were the warm Pacific currents meet the currents from the Arctic Ocean, and the result is continuous dense fogs in summer and an endless storm of driving snow and fine ice all winter. It is almost impossible to leave the house from December until April every year. It is this constant summer fog that has drawn to the islands every year for centuries, if not for ages, the millions of seal that inhabit for the rest of the year the warmer waters of the Central Pacific.

THE TRUE ALASKAN SEAL.

Early in May, when the last of the winter ice is just disappearing from the rocky shores, the first seal appears. It is always a male. His appearance would be an intense disappointment to one whose ideas of seals were formed upon the sleek and gentle little creatures that perform in Barnum's show. There are seals and seals, and Mr. Barnum's seal is as unlike the seal of Alaskan waters "as a raccoon is unlike a grizzly bear," as one writer puts it. Mr. Barnum's seals are the common hair seals found all along the north Atlantic coast, and pretty much everywhere else. *Phoca vitulina* is the name to apply to them, if you wish to appear scientific. The Alaskan seal is the fur seal, or *Callorhinus ursinus*. The first old male that tumbles awkwardly ashore on St. Paul and St. George Island will weigh probably 600 pounds. It will have the muzzle and jaws of a full-blooded Newfoundland dog, except that its lips will be firmly drawn. Its moustache will be of yellowish white and gray hairs, and long enough to sweep over its shoulders, if it hasn't been torn out in some of its fights of previous years. A great thick mantle of fat will envelop the whole body, quivering like jelly with every movement. It is upon this fat that it will live for the next two months, for until the breeding season is over it will never leave the spot upon which it settles, unless forced away. It has forefeet which are like flabby hands, eight or ten inches broad, and hind feet that resemble in construction human feet, drawn out to a length of twenty inches, with the instep flattened down and the toes run out into thin membranes. Standing up, resting on its forefeet, its head is three feet above the ground, and it is an impressive and ferocious-looking animal, especially if scarred all over, as is frequently the case, with marks of battle. It will never leave its place to attack any one, however, and may be approached with safety.

Correspondence.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

A Letter from the Silver-Producing Section Upon the Subject.

SMOKY, ALTURAS CO., IDAHO, Sept. 2.—EDITOR BLADE:—The people of the West are at a loss to know why the people and press of the East take so little interest in the silver question. Silver is the basis that governs the prices of all things marketable in the United States; even the price of land is governed by the quotations of silver.

It is not an over-production of silver that causes it to be depreciated in value as compared to gold. The annual production of the United States amounts to less than one ounce per capita of the population, and there is no other country in the world equal to it in the production of silver.

Every ounce of silver produced is required in the arts and as circulating medium in the hands of the people, in coin and silver certificates; and was it not for the cruel war waged upon it in the interest of the goldites and bloated bondholders, the people might be prosperous and happy to-day, instead of fighting the wolf from the door, as most of them are compelled to do.

Next to our civil war the demonetization of silver was the greatest calamity that ever befell this country, and one that has already cost it quite as much. England pays each year twenty million ounces of silver more than she can purchase in all the world outside of the United States, and, notwithstanding this fact (which is plain to every one who has taken pains to post themselves on the situation), we allow England to dictate to us the price of silver and there we lose not only one-half of the value of our silver product, but lose proportionately on all other products of the country. Let our next Congress repeal the act that demonetized silver, and then the government for a time purchase all the silver produced in the United States and pay for it in silver coin or certificates at the option of the holder, and it is safe to predict that, before another year rolls around, the laboring classes will boast of silver dollars in their pockets as good and as valuable as gold, and will rejoice that an era of prosperity has once more dawned upon them.

Of all the mistakes President Cleveland made during his administration that of sixty days' notice to the people should be so taught. 2.—Edgar A. Poe wrote quite a number of poems besides "The Raven" and "The Bells," which are his most widely known ones. He also wrote considerable prose.

H. G. M., Russellville, Tenn.: 1.—The Chicago fire far surpassed the burning of Moscow as a calamity. 2.—"The Whitechapel murders" simply were the murders, at different times, of nine or ten abandoned women, by having their throats cut. The abdomen was slashed open in nearly all of the cases, and the uterus removed. They were all committed in a portion of London known as Whitechapel, notorious for the rough character of its residents. See "News of the Week." A full account of the Terry-Broderick duel was given under that head in THE BLADE of August 22, the same number you mention.

The Need Supplied

OF a scientific and truly reliable hair dressing led to the discovery of Dr. J. C. Ayer's famous Hair Vigor. It was a success from the beginning, and to-day outsells all similar preparations.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation causes a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft, and is a perfect hair dressing."—Mrs. Malcolm B. Sturtevant, Attleborough, Mass.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor has been in use in my family for a number of years, and I regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Dr. B. M. Johnson, Thomas Hill, Mo.

Bessie H. Bedloe, Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp, causing her hair to become very harsh and dry and to fall so freely that she scarcely dared comb it.

Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor

Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, cleansed the head of dandruff, and made the hair beautifully thick and glossy.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

AYER'S PILLS have no equal as a family medicine. Being free from calomel or any other injurious drug, their use leaves no ill effects—making them suitable for all ages and constitutions. In every case where a cathartic is indicated, Ayer's Pills are the best.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Need Supplied

WITH Ayer's Hair Vigor, one may almost defy Father Time, by preserving the hair to a ripe old age.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor with marvelous success. It restores the color to gray hair, promotes a fresh growth, and keeps it healthy."—Mrs. J. Burton, Bangor, Me.

"My hair was faded and dry, but after using only half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it became black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delaware, Ill.

Mrs. Sarah J. Gregory, Elizabeth, N. J., says: "I have used Dr. Ayer's

Hair Vigor

for a number of years, and find it very effective in promoting the growth of hair."

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL leads all other preparations for the relief of Colds, Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, and Consumption. Certified testimony proves that hundreds of lives have been saved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

JAMES MEANS & CO'S BOOTS AND SHOES.

The best testimonial we ever had.—"James Means & Co. are the bears of the boot and shoe trade. They have revolutionized the business by making high priced goods unsalable."—Trade paper.

JAMES MEANS' BOOTS and SHOES
Are Unexcelled in Merit.

Positively none genuine unless having our name and price stamped plainly on the soles. Your retailer will supply you with Boots and Shoes so stamped if you insist upon his doing so. If you do not insist, some retailers will look you in the face and sell you inferior goods upon which they make a larger profit. Ours are the original $3 and $4 Shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products. In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States.

How your boy does wear out his shoes!

James Means' $2 Shoes for Boys will outwear any other boys' shoe ever made. You can have lace or button.

$2.50 Buys the Best Farmers' Thick Boot.

JAMES MEANS'
QUARTER EAGLE BOOT
A Reliable Hip Boot for Farmers.

10 Mills make one Cent;
10 Cents make one Dime;
10 Dimes make one Dollar;
10 Dollars make one Eagle.

And with a Quarter Eagle any Farmer in the country can buy a good boat-mately boot. Farmers have been looking for such a boot for a long time and now it has come.

Boots and Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them in one retail store in any State or Territory if you will invest one cent in a postal card and write to us.

Special Offer on the James Means Quarter Eagle Hip Boots for Farmers.

In order to immediately distribute samples of these Boots all over the country, we will send them transportation prepaid, to any man in any place where there is a post-office or railroad in any State or Territory, for only $2.50 per pair. We will send them by mail with all charges for transportation to destination prepaid by ourselves, on receipt of regular price, $2.50. Send money by postoffice order or registered letter. We will accept United States postage stamps for the odd half dollar.

In order to get a perfect fit, take a piece of paper and place your foot upon it, then mark out the shape of your foot, keeping your pencil close to the foot all the way around. Then take the last boot which you wore, and mark out the shape of that in the same way. We will fill your order on the same day we receive it. Take great care to have us give you full address, town, county and State or Territory. If we have a dealer handling our goods in your town we want you to buy of him, we do not want you to send to us as we will not interfere with the dealer who sells our goods, but we are glad to fill your order if your dealer will not. Any boot and shoe retailer or any country store-keeper can supply you with our goods if he wants to, but some dealers will try to sell you inferior goods on which they make a larger profit than they ought to ask for. In that case, send to us.

JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

REIGN OF WILLIAM II.

Nothing but Conjecture Yet Possible What His Policy Will Be, Aside from His Purely Patriotic Intentions.

The emperor holds the future of Europe in his right hand—and how many are trying to peep through those strong fingers! He is the head of the largest, the strongest and most intelligently guided army in the world, says a writer in the *New Review* for August, and is himself one of the most highly instructed in the army. His mind is original, receiving ideas from every quarter, allowing them to modify his views, but never to displace them. Many of the harsh opinions passed upon him shortly before ascending the throne would have been sensibly tempered had their authors known how completely did his political sense of duty to Germany dominate every personal consideration.

When he ascended the throne, in June, of last year, the opposition party, who represent, particularly, constitutional liberty and free trade, were making much of the fact that the late Emperor Frederick, in the 99 days allowed him, had shown a disposition to rule in harmony with their doctrines. As evidence of this they referred to the fact that he had dismissed the late home secretary, Puttkammer, because he was displeased that a minister of the crown should permit public servants to participate in the popular vote in favor of the government. The young emperor's conception of leadership excludes a favorable view of the government by the people, and no clearer duty seems before him than to give unmistakable rebukes to such as sought to confuse parliamentary government with the alleged utterances of a Hohenzollern sovereign. That the Empress Victoria was suspected of having in some extent indoctrinated her imperial husband with English constitutional ideas by no means assisted in making them palatable to the conservatives, for to make a thing odious in Germany to-day you need only suspect it of either Jewish or British extraction.

Rightly or wrongly, however, German liberals claimed that for 99 days at least an emperor had reigned who was not conspicuously opposed to popular movement—who was even suspected of leaning toward the John Bright school of political thought; and this alone served to render doubly delicate the task of the new emperor, who knew little in favor of such doctrines—on the contrary, is firmly convinced that Germany is not the soil suited to their development.

What the policy of his reign is to be all can conjecture—no one assert. His ascension to the throne was marked by the publication of manifestoes, first to his army, secondly to his navy, lastly to his people, leaving no doubt that in Germany at least, the army should be recognized as the first of the state's prosperity. About the middle of July he commenced a series of memorable visits to Russia, Sweden and Denmark, the results of which remain unknown to the public, though there can be no doubt that if personal influence can ever affect the action of sovereigns we must attribute the commencement of war almost entirely to his magnetic personal powers exerted in this crisis.

Hardly a word has been uttered by him so far, or an act committed by the government, that has not raised a storm of criticism in the press of such a nature as would have been undreamed of under his grandfather, and yet he is logically pursuing the example of the victorious William.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Proprs., New York.

ABOUT THE LADIES.

The Woman's National Press association intends to erect a statue to Mrs. R. B. Hayes, at Washington.——Miss Helen Gould, daughter of Jay Gould, is said to have always believed she had a mission to teach, and even now instructs four music pupils, members of her church, at her home.——Among the inscriptions in her album most prized by Mme. Patti-Nicolini is this, by the elder Dumas: "Being a man and a Christian, I love to listen to your singing; but if I were a bird I should die of envy."——A clever Buffalo woman has been to England, traveled all around London, seen everything worth seeing in a two-months' trip, and all it cost her was $200.——Emily Paxton, of Pike county, Mo., has permission from the governor of that state to wear a man's dress "anywhere in Missouri outside of cities of 10,000 inhabitants." She works on a farm, and her favorite occupation is breaking horses to harness.——Mrs. James G. Blaine, jr., now announces that she has given up her idea of going on the stage in deference to the wish of the secretary of State. It is hinted that a reconciliation between her husband and herself is a possibility.——Mrs. Levi P. Morton, who has been abroad all summer with one of her daughters, is expected back in New York about the end of this week. She will then go to Elberlie, Vice President's Morton's country seat

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE..... Editor.

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Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. Every seventh copy free, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 106,000.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover, soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE EFFECTS OF DRINKING ON THE HUMAN BODY.

THE BLADE has recently received several requests that the effect of alcohol upon the system of the drinker should be discussed in these columns. This topic necessarily covers such a wide range that we shall confine this article to the case of "moderate" drinkers—those who rarely become fully intoxicated, but who drink frequently, so that it is rare that there is not some alcohol retained in the system. This class of drinkers is probably greater in numbers than any other. We shall give only the views of the highest medical authorities upon this subject, and the conclusions to be drawn therefrom.

The great organs most subject to fatal disease from the use of alcoholic stimulants—and these include all forms of spirits, wines, and fermented liquors like beer and ale—are the liver, kidneys and the heart. We place the liver first, because it is the one most liable. Most of the liquids we swallow are carried directly from the stomach and digestive tract into the liver through the portal vein; hence the alcohol imbibed reaches that organ first, in full quantity, and must pass through its tissues before it can possibly get into the general circulation and reach other portions of the body. Now it can not be too strongly impressed upon the reader that alcohol is a slow poison—an irritant poison—and its effects are directly proportioned to the amount taken. The result of this stream of alcohol pouring through the liver is to induce inflammation of that organ, and lead the way to a large number of grave complications. The liver is the main source of sugar and uric acid in the system. Alcohol increases the amount of these products, and hence leads to and aggravates diabetes—which is characterized by sugar being found in the urinary products—and gout, which is caused by an excess of uric acid. Besides these effects of the inflammation induced by drink, it often results in cirrhosis, in which the liver becomes contracted, hard and irregular in shape; and in enlargement or fatty degeneration of the organ. In both these cases it fails to perform its functions properly, and death eventually results.

As soon as the alcohol imbibed passes through the liver and gets into the general circulation, the lungs and the skin begin to get rid of it. At every breath the expired air is loaded with its vapor; it is thrown off in the insensible perspiration from the skin. Hence the kidneys do not receive the full amount drank, as does the liver; but enough passes through them to cause the gravest disorders, and all of them fatal. Drinking is a fruitful source of Bright's disease, which is a degeneration of their structure. The kidneys aid in the task of ridding the system of the alcoholic poison; they are easily overworked, and the extra labor imposed upon them causes this degeneration. Other diseases of these organs are caused by drink. Spirituous liquors are the more apt to cause "granular kidney," while beer-drinking brings on fatty degeneration. Albuminuria, in its most troublesome forms, also results from steady drinking.

The effects of alcohol upon the heart's action are peculiar. The latest view is that it acts on the nerve centers like various other poisons—atropia, for example—paralyzing to some extent the vagus nerve, which has a checking or retarding effect on cardiac action. Released partially from this control, the heart starts off like a wild horse. Its action is quickened, the blood is driven through the arteries with increased force, the face is flushed, and other familiar phenomena of accelerated circulation follow. If the dose of alcohol becomes largely increased, its paralyzing effect extends to the accelerating as well as the retarding nerves, and the heart's action becomes slow and weak, the man's breathing stertorous, and death even may supervene. (For the benefit of medical readers, we will say that the above explanation of the mode of action of alcohol on the heart is that of the London *Lancet*—well known to be the medical journal of the highest authority in Great Britain.)

So much for the immediate action of alcohol on the heart; now for its effects resulting from steady drinking. It is the universal testimony of the medical profession that intemperance is a most fruitful cause of all forms of heart disease. Among those most frequently met with, due to this cause, are hypertrophy, a dilatation, valvular disease, and fatty degeneration—all of them fatal eventually. These pernicious effects extend to the entire circulating system, inducing fatty granular (atheromatous) degeneration of the walls of the arteries, a weakening of the coats of the capillaries, causing their permanent distension (the cause of the chronic redness of the nose and face from drink); and these largely increase the liability to apoplexy, which is simply the rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain.

As an index of the fatal effects of the drink habit, we quote the following tabular statement, taken from Prussian statistics, giving the probable duration of life—the number of years a man at that age may be expected to live yet—of drinking and non-drinking men:

Age.	Drinkers.	Non-drinkers.
25	26.23	32.08
35	20.01	25.92
45	15.19	19.92
55	11.16	14.45
65	8.04	9.72

The London *Lancet* recently gave a series of tables, showing the death-rate, between the ages of 25 and 65, of men engaged in occupations that put before them constant temptation to drink, and those who were not thus exposed. These showed that for every 397 deaths from liver diseases in the former class, there were but 96 in the latter; and that to 182 deaths from kidney diseases among the former, there were but 107 among the latter. And in the cases of deaths from diseases of the heart and of the circulatory system, 411 died of the former class to 250 of the latter. That is, the death rate from diseases of these three great organs is more than twice as great among the classes exposed to the temptation of drink as among those not so exposed.

There is a long train of other troubles due also to the liquor habit. Inflammation of the lining marbrane of the stomach, resulting in dyspepsia in its most distressing forms; various nervous affections, due to the injurious effect of alcohol upon the delicate structures of the brain and nerves; and many minor evils, which we lack space to describe fully. Enough has been shown, however, to convince any thinking man that alcohol in any form is simply a poison, and that indulgence in it, in any way, largely increases the liability to the gravest disorders. Nor will it escape the attention of the observant reader that the diseases of the three great organs of the body enumerated above, resulting from the use of intoxicants, are all of them of a most dangerous, and often of a necessarily fatal, character.

The law lays its heavy hand upon the sale of all other poisons, and hedges it about with the utmost precautions; but the sale of alcohol, in its myriad seductive forms, is unrestricted in any such way Yet more men die of this poison per annum than of the aggregate of all others for a score of years! This is a fact that is well worth the attention of every friend of temperance. Why this broad distinction in favor of one poison? Simply because there is an enormous profit in its sale. The Rum Power battles against all legislation aimed at putting this sale under proper surveillance, from the purely selfish motive of sordid gain. The scientific facts concerning this infernal poison need to become widely known, that the people may be aroused in favor of the effort to prohibit the Rum traffic and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

NO MORE BLADE SEWING MACHINES.

We have decided not to offer a sewing machine in connection with THE BLADE any longer this season. We are offering number of new articles, to be sold with the paper, for announcements of which see the first page of last week's issue, and the fifth page of to-day's BLADE. One offer is on fine toilet and table ware; the other, THE BLADE cook-stove. Our space is limited, and we have thought best to withdraw the sewing machine offer for this year. We may or may not renew it next year; circumstances must determine. Meanwhile we want you to read carefully our offers on these new articles; you will find that they are the most liberal we have ever made, and that the useful articles we offer are cheaper than you can buy elsewhere, besides including THE WEEKLY BLADE. Read the offer, by all means.

THE free trade falsehood that nobody but the manufacturers are benefited by a protective tariff is one easily disproved. Any thinking man knows that the protective tariff is the bulwark of the rate of wages paid to the workingmen. Nor are the farmers without benefit, as our free trade doctrinaires would have us believe. All their products are protected by a good rate of duty; yet, in spite of this, during the fiscal year ending June 30 last, foreign farm products, entering into direct competition with those of our own farms, were imported to the total of over $80,000,000. Here are the items and figures from the official statement of the Treasury department:

Animals	$ 3,936,766
Breadstuffs	8,629,724
Hay and hops	2,238,357
Dairy products	1,244,741
Potatoes and other vegetables	2,268,799
Seeds	4,488,431
Wool	17,974,515
Fruits	12,795,055
Rice	3,005,271
Tobacco	3,742,764
Flax, hemp, jute, etc	20,468,475
Making a total of	$80,874,548

THE Cincinnati *Enquirer* mournfully remarks that "if the Democratic party should exhibit reasonable sagacity in Montana and Washington at the coming elections, it would be able to control the organization of the next House." Leaving out of the question the undoubted fact that the Democratic party never does "exhibit reasonable sagacity," and hence can not hope to carry Montana and Washington, our befuddled contemporary should explain how the addition of two Democrats and three Republicans (two from South Dakota and one from North Dakota) could give a Democratic majority in the House which now, it is conceded by the Democrats, has two Republican majority.

NOTHING short of a political cyclone can lose the governorship of Ohio to the Republicans this year, and there are no signs of such a disturbance in the political sky. But the legislature is another matter. There lies the danger. Clean, strong men must be chosen for candidates—men who can command their full party strength and draw also from the best element of the enemy's forces.

CIVIL service reform merely means that men shall be chosen for subordinate government positions who are competent to discharge their duties, instead of men whose only claim for preferment is based upon partisan work, irrespective of their abilities. The proposition is so simple that he who runs may read.

THE elaborate efforts of the Ohio Democrats to assume an air of cheerfulness and hilarity irresistibly remind one of a timorous boy whistling as he goes through a graveyard at midnight.

CAMPBELL is the attorney of an English trust to buy up breweries in America. What does the Democratic deliverance against trusts amount to, anyway?

BEEF on the hoof is 45 per cent lower than it was eight years ago, but meat to the consumer is not 10 per cent lower. Crush out the middle-men!

MR. KNOX'S NEW STORY.

We ask our readers not to forget that Mr. THOMAS W. KNOX, the noted author-traveler, is engaged at the present time in writing a serial story for THE BLADE. He has not yet decided on its title, nor are we yet able to make a further announcement of its scope and aims, except that it will be a temperance story, and probably also a tale of travel. Of one thing all may be sure—that it will be an extremely interesting one, to young as well as to old, and alone well worth the price of a year's subscription to THE BLADE.

TANNER'S RESIGNATION.

It was a charge brought with truth against GROVER CLEVELAND, during his Presidency, that where he made an appointment which was afterward shown to be an unfit one, he lacked the moral courage to rectify the mistake, but retained his appointee despite his unfitness. The case of Pension Commissioner TANNER shows that President HARRISON is not that sort of a man. He has rectified what has been shown to have been an unwise appointment.

Corporal TANNER is a very popular man, whose social qualities have endeared him to a very wide circle of personal friends in the ranks of his old comrades in arms; and he was recommended for the position of Pension commissioner by the strongest backing among influential Republicans of any of those named as aspirants. His appointment was urged, too, on what may be termed sentimental grounds—that he was a representative veteran of the rank and file, "the boys who carried muskets," and that they should be recognized, as well as the men who bore commissions.

This idea, and personal friendship for the wounded veteran, seems to have obscured, in the minds of those who pressed TANNER'S appointment upon the President, the weightier question as to his executive ability and business capacity. The position of Pension commissioner is a peculiarly responsible one, its duties demanding for their successful conduct the highest abilities. The incumbent must possess the qualities that go to make up a successful commander. He must be able to insure strict obedience in his subordinates, be a good judge of evidence, not capable of having his judgment swayed by his sympathies and personal friendship, and gifted with that rare discretion which puts into daily business practice the old adage that "speech is silvern, but silence is golden."

There is not the slightest doubt of Mr. TANNER'S personal honesty and strict integrity, his devotion to the public interest and his desire to have the laws, so far as it was his duty to administer them, carried out in a just and proper spirit; but there is unfortunately no doubt but that he lacked the necessary qualities that would enable him to discharge his duties properly and by proper means, and that his executive abilities were not up to the mark of the peculiarly responsible duties of the position. Mr. TANNER showed, to the sorrow of his friends, that he did not realize that he was a subordinate of the Interior department, under the direct supervision and control of the secretary; he has failed to remember the rule of proper obedience to his superior officer, which should have been plain to him from his army experience.

Not only has his disregard of Secretary NOBLE'S wishes and instructions led to constant trouble in the administrative department, but his judgment has been at fault in pension matters. He has been too easily controlled by personal friendship, and by his intense sympathy for the veterans, and thus been imposed upon by unworthy claimants and claim agents. He has been foolishly eager to resent every criticism that has been made by the Democratic press and others, and his indiscreet utterances have been annoying and embarrassing to the administration. Personally, President HARRISON has the most friendly feelings toward Mr. TANNER; but a due regard for the good of the public service demanded that he should ask the corporal's resignation from a position which experience has shown him to be unfitted; and BENJAMIN HARRISON is not the man to shirk a plain duty, even though it be distasteful personally.

The resignation of Mr. TANNER has not been forced or influenced by Democratic ridicule and abuse; nor is Mr. TANNER in any sense a "martyr." He could not discharge his difficult duties satisfactorily, and the change is simply a matter of business, as would be the retirement of an inaccurate book-keeper in a mercantile house. Nor does it mean any change in the well-known policy of the administration to do full justice to every veteran, and to execute the pension laws in a spirit of broad and enlightened humanity toward deserving claimants. The administration cannot afford to relax proper discipline among its subordinates, nor allow unbusinesslike methods to prevail in an important bureau. Personally there is much to admire in Mr. TANNER; but his case comes under a homely old proverb current in some parts of Ohio, which declares that one "is a very good man, but he can't keep a hotel." Mr. TANNER is an excellent gentleman, but he lacks the business qualifications necessary to success in a responsible executive office.

PLEASED WITH THE TEA SET.

A subscriber at Dahoga, Elk county, Pa., who was one of the earliest to order one of our premium tea-sets, expresses his satisfaction therewith as follows:

I received the Blade tea-set on the 12th inst., and am well pleased with the same. It is of very fine material, and handsomely decorated.
E. S. WELLS.

We have no doubt that every one else who has ordered the set is of the same opinion. It is pleasant to note that our efforts to please our patrons by furnishing useful articles for the household are appreciated.

IF the statements made before the Senate investigating committee at Chicago are credible, the "Middle-men" between the growers of beef cattle and the consumers of the beef are taking the lion's share in the transaction. It was shown to the committee that the price of live cattle had fallen about 50 per cent since 1883. But it is a truth known to all purchasers of meat that the retail price has not fallen in anything like the same proportion. In point of fact, the price is but little, if any, lower now than it was then. The retailers declare they make but a moderate margin. The stock raisers are complaining that there is no profit in cattle raising. The men who are making the money must be the middle-men. The Senate committee will find the people heartily with them in their efforts to break up the combine.

THE women out in Washington Territory don't propose to be deprived of the right to vote on the adoption of the new state constitution without an active protest. They are to be ignored at the election, but they are organizing to vote, anyway. If the election officers refuse to accept their ballots, they propose to have ballot boxes ready, in which they will deposit their tickets; and then they will go into the courts to demand that their ballots be counted. There is some ground for this attitude. Women enjoyed the ballot under the territorial government; and as the new constitution proposes to limit suffrage to men, it seems but right that the women should have a voice in deciding whether they are to be disfranchised or not.

OUR JURY SYSTEM.

The developments in the Cronin case demonstrate clearly that while all other things in this world have changed or been modified to keep pace with the constantly changing conditions of a new civilization, that the jury system has stood still. Judges are of course conservative, and law is slow to change, but it does change, although compelled to almost by force. That is to say, civil law adapts itself to new conditions in the social and business worlds, but criminal law has stood still and made no move. To demonstrate how stubborn a thing even civil law is, it is but necessary to cite an old matter regarding admiralty jurisdiction. When admiralty laws were first devised the English courts decided that they should apply to navigable waters, and navigable waters were held to those where tide water existed. This was all right for England, Scotland and Ireland, for all of their rivers which are navigable are estuaries. But when America was discovered the situation changed. Boats began navigating the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and white sails dotted the great lakes. But in none of these waters were there tides, and for years it was held that on that account the Admiralty courts had no jurisdiction. Learned judges laid back in their chairs and gravely assured petitioners for protection to life and property upon these great inland waterways, that Admiralty courts only had jurisdiction over navigable waters, and all the books held that navigable waters were only waters where tide water existed. It was not until 1840 that the supreme court of the United States became awake to the true situation, and announced as its decision the very plain and common-sense proposition that navigable waters are "waters that can be navigated." It would not have been done then were it not that the business interests on the lakes and rivers had become so large that they imperatively demanded protection.

So in this matter of choosing a jury in a criminal case. When the rules now in vogue were adopted there were no newspapers in existence. Information was passed about by word of mouth and only a few people knew of the circumstances attending a crime. Those people were either apt to be witnesses in the case, or else were so closely connected with the affair that they would not make impartial jurors, The newspapers have changed all this. All the details of a great crime like the CRONIN murder are known to the world. Every intelligent man has got at least a cursory knowledge of the case. Hence the old rules are now a hindrance to justice instead of a benefit, and the sooner they are modified to suit present conditions the better. It is disgust with our jury system, as it works, that causes so many men to want to abolish it altogether.

HALSTEAD ON OHIO.

MURAT HALSTEAD, who is in New York, has been giving his views on the Ohio situation to the reporters. He puts the state issue compactly in the following trenchant sentences:

I regard Governor Foraker as re-elected now. The Democratic party voided all questions of national interest in their nomination, making it rather a personal and local affair, so far as public questions were concerned.

In 1883, '84 and '85 we had in Cincinnati the most shocking frauds ever known upon the ballot. There was ballot-box stuffing of all sorts—repeaters, ballot-switchers, as they are called; that is to say, that the voter hands a ballot to the judge, who puts another in the box. Still Foraker did not get a majority of the legislature on joint ballot, the Republicans having a majority of three.

This resulted in the adoption of the best election law in the country. We have now a nonpartisan election board, appointed by the governor. It proved so good in Cincinnati that it has since been adopted by sixteen other cities in the state.

This law provides for an election board of two Democrats and two Republicans appointed by the governor. The board appoints judges and clerks of election. There is also a perfect registration law. There are two other non-partisan boards in the state appointed by the governor, one in Hamilton and one in Dayton. They are called boards of public affairs.

Mr. Campbell, at the dictation of Mr. Payne and the Democratic party, demands the destruction of these boards. That is the issue. The Democrats want to go back to corruption, but the people of Ohio will not do it. The Republicans are entirely united on Foraker and will fight for the purity of elections.

THE fact that the farmers take no stock in free trade is a source of much disquiet to the advocates of that British policy. But the thinking farmer knows, for instance, that while in 1861 it took a bushel of corn to buy a pound of nails, a bushel now will buy ten pounds; that then it took 64 bushels of barley to buy a yard of broadcloth, while now the same amount will buy 20 yards; that it took a bushel of wheat to buy a yard of calico, while now a bushel will buy 20 yards; and so on through the list. And they know that this state of things is due more to the protective policy than to any one other thing. Hence they adhere to a policy which is profitable to them.

THE chronic fight between Tammany and the County Democracy in New York City has broken out again with the utmost bitterness. Triumphant Tammany, in possession of the civic offices, refuses to unite with the County men in the nomination of legislative candidates. This will result in two Democratic legislative tickets. This gives a good chance for the Republicans to elect several more members, and possibly may give them a two-thirds majority in the legislature, of which they lack but five votes; and this will enable them to override the governor's partisan vetoes, if he should be a Democrat.

THE August fire loss in the United States was heavy, footing up a total of over $11,150,000. The total for the eight months of this year is $86,460,000. Yet the people are not stirred by this tremendous waste of our resources. The loss by fire is absolute; the nation is just that much poorer. But if eighty-six millions of dollars had been lost in any other way this broad land would ring with the clamor over it. Yet the bulk of fire losses is preventible.

MR. CLEVELAND, in his famous deliverance on the tariff, declared that the duty on any article added exactly that much to its cost to the American consumer. Well, in 1883 the duty upon a certain grade of wool was fixed at ten cents a pound, and that grade now sells ten cents a pound cheaper than it did in 1883. Will some enthusiastic free trader reconcile the fact with Mr. CLEVELAND'S theory?

THE first test of the Australian system of voting in the United States was made on the 11th at Minneapolis, which resulted in the election of a Republican alderman in a Democratic ward. The people of both parties declare the experiment to have been a great success. Next November it will be tried on a large scale in the state elections.

THE Newark, New Jersey, *Advertiser*, in commenting on the nomination of LEW ARBETT for governor by the Democrats of that state, characterizes him as a man whose principles, conduct and methods are regarded with genuine abhorrence by every respectable Democrat in the state, who has been the active agent in the defeat of every piece of honest legislative work, and whose following embraces the meanest and basest elements of his party.

THE Ohio Democrats tell the wool manufacturers that the price of the wool they use is made high by the tariff, and then turn round to the farmers and assure them that protection has reduced the price of the wool they grow. No wonder CAMPBELL said his party could not afford to run this campaign on the tariff issue.

THE WEST VIRGINIA OUTRAGE.

No more outrageous political scheme has been engineered in the country than the manner in which the Democrats have attempted to count out General GOFF in West Virginia. The determination was to deprive the Republicans at all hazards of the victory they won last fall by preventing GOFF from assuming the position of governor, to which he was rightfully elected. It was necessary to throw out enough Republican votes to give FLEMING, the defeated Democratic candidate, about 200 apparent majority. How this was done is well illustrated in the method used in Mercer and McDowell counties, where forty-three votes were thrown out under a special rule made by the committee.

If a voter's name was on the pay roll of a certain manufacturing company in Mercer or McDowell county for a year next preceding the election, he was entitled to vote. If he was not on such pay roll, the committee held that he was a non-resident of the state of West Virginia, and if he was a colored man, was not entitled to vote. The committee assumed that every black man was a Republican, and when one could be found whose name did not appear on this pay roll, he was promptly ruled out as an alien and his vote was rejected.

Commissioner MASON, of West Virginia, in speaking of these outrageous attempts to defeat the will of the people, said the other day:

Of course you cannot tell what the legislature of West Virginia may do. It is very close politically. Only one Democratic majority on joint ballot. In the state senate we have two, and in the house the Democrats have three majority, with the result above stated. On joint ballot there are 46 Democrats against 45 Republicans. Well, we hope we may find one honest man, politically, among the 46. The result for or against us will depend, as you see, upon one vote in the joint meeting of the legislature.

There are labor men on both sides, but the line is drawn very sharply between them in a party sense. They have already shown themselves Republican or Democratic by their affiliations, but, of course, we cannot tell how the recent exhibition of political methods, simply because the Democrats have the power, may affect their future action in the case. The legislature will now settle the matter, and if against us, I can see no other course but submission to a grave political crime.

THE USE OF WORDS.

Mrs. JOHN A. LOGAN has given an interview in the Chicago *Herald* in which she sustains her son in his refusal to send a picture of his father to the MURAT HALSTEAD club, of Cincinnati. In it she says:

I have not received any word from a member of the family upon this matter, but my son was right. I agree with him and indorse what he has done. The dearest thing on earth to my son is the fame of his father, and it was the natural thing for him to do as he has done.

No one knows the pain Mr. Halstead has caused our family. Continuing to the death of Gen. Logan it was an attack upon my husband that was never anything but malicious. When Gen. Logan went into politics he expected to be subjected to criticism, but he never considered Mr. Halstead's criticism of that sort. Mr. Halstead says my son mistakes him. We do not and we never can forget what he has done. The last talk Gen. Logan ever had with a reporter was about Mr. Halstead's fight upon him, and it was the last public matter that occupied his mind. Can any one be surprised that we are sensitive about it?

Mr. Halstead is a grumbler, and he has never been anything else. He has always sided with the critical Republicans. Gen. Logan was never accused of disloyalty to the party by those leaders whom Mr. Halstead has likewise attacked. Everybody knows what he said of Grant, of Lincoln, and of others, as was shown by the letters Gen. Logan was forced to make public. As a Republican this is one reason why I am glad he was not confirmed when appointed to be sent abroad. I do not believe he is a good Republican. He supported Greeley, and has always been the carping critic in the party ranks. I hope no Ohio man will be elected Senator, and I am certain the Republican Senators will be sorry to have him as one of their number, for he has never been true to the party.

In all of this Mrs. LOGAN is very wrong There is not a man in Ohio who questions the Republicanism of MURAT HALSTEAD. There may be men who do not agree with him, but his honest intention is beyond all dispute. That Mrs. LOGAN should argue for what she considers the good reputation of her dead husband is both natural and right, but she does not and can not understand the wave of popular indignation which swept over the state of Ohio when one of its senatorships was sold like an apple in the market place. It is possible MURAT HALSTEAD, in voicing that indignation, did an injustice to Senator LOGAN. He is dead now and that subject cannot be discussed. But on the other hand it can be said that the outrage of that senatorial bribery was so great, and the cloud on the fair fame of the state of Ohio so dark, that the failure to secure justice in the matter was enough to warrant an honest man who loved his state in using language which, in a milder case, might be called extreme.

THE terrific storm which has been raging along the Atlantic coast for a week, has at last passed out across the Atlantic, leaving the record of being the worst experienced for at least a quarter of a century. The dismal record of wreck and disaster is now being made up, and while there has been some loss of life, there has so far been no great wreck reported with the accompanying drowning of hundreds of hapless passengers. The damage at the seaside resorts along the coast, from the capes of Virginia northward, has been unprecedented. It seems to be a well ascertained fact that the shore, especially along New Jersey, is slowly sinking. Each year the waves eat into the land, and the present storm has added a wide strip, apparently, to the dominion of the sea. A singular point is the coincidence of a period of sudden and violent outbursts of the geysers of Yellowstone Park with the cyclone on the Atlantic. Many that have lain dormant for years are now in active operation. Whether a connection as to the cause will be established between the storm and this subterranean outburst, yet remains to be decided.

SAMUEL S. COX, the witty "Sunset," has joined the silent majority. He was an "Ohio man," and achieved a national reputation, not alone for his humor, but because he was one of the best informed and most accomplished men in the lower house of Congress. His worst political failing was the fact that he was a Democrat. He was an indefatigable worker, often touching the extreme limit of physical possibility. In the social circle he was charming companion; his cultured mind, his brilliant flashes of humor, the warmth and frankness of his genial and sunny nature, and his pleasing manners, made him a favorite with all, and he was sure of a hearty greeting and a cordial welcome wherever he went. The world could better have spared a greater man.

IT certainly seems that there should be some active steps taken by Congress, if effective ones can be devised, to stop the spread of the Mormon leprosy in Idaho. There are said to be between three and four thousand male Mormons of voting age in that territory now; and as the Mormon leaders of Salt Lake City are bent upon building up the power of their sect therein by every possible means, this number will doubtless be largely increased by importations from Utah in the near future.

THE aspirations of JOHN L. SULLIVAN to be a congressman are not as ridiculous as some people would think. There are constituencies in this country where he would prove the most popular candidate who could be nominated. His conviction in Mississipi was for a misdemeanor and not a felony; hence it would not be a bar to his taking his seat. It is a disgrace, but a fact.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* is severe. It says that "Corporal TANNER perished as a public officer in a desperate effort to run a hair-trigger mouth in conjunction with a flint-lock brain.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S story, now being published in THE BLADE, has progressed far enough for our readers to see its scope and quality. We are glad to see that the underlying lesson of the story—that while the masses can be made the prey of designing men, yet all wrong-doing brings its own righteous punishment—is appreciated, as the following extract from a business letter received from a subscriber at Pawnee, Ill., shows:

Your story of "The Demagogue," by D. R. Locke, gives an additional stimulus to the interest that I have long felt in the education of the mass of the people out of the reach of the machinations of demagogues. Although the story is laid in the northeastern part of Ohio, where some 77 years ago I was born, it is being illustrated in every latitude and longitude of our land, so far as my experience has knowledge.

Here is an allusion to a point THE BLADE has insisted upon for many years—that the perpetuity of our free institutions, of a government based on universal suffrage, necessarily depends upon the intelligence of the masses. Education is the vital need. Ignorance is the foe of freedom; for if a man is not capable of judging as to his political course for himself, but allows the persuasions and artifices of designing men to control his action, he is a menace to "a government of the people, by the people, for the people." We must educate—*educate!*

PENSION PAYMENTS.

It may conduce to a clearer understanding of the animus of the Democratic papers which are doing so much talking about the alleged increase in pension payments, to state the cold facts in the case. Here is a comparison of the number of pensioners and of the annual appropriations between the fiscal years ending June 30, 1885, and June 30, 1888:

	Pensioners.	Appropriations
1888	489,725	$80,473,000
1885	345,125	76,386,846
Increase	144,600	$4,086,153

Note the fact that the total number of old soldiers drawing pensions increased about 42 per cent during these four years, while the appropriation increased only about 5 per cent.

But how can a 5 per cent increase in appropriation pay a 42 per cent increase of the number of pensioners? It cannot. The fact is that the Democratic Congress, pursuing a niggardly policy toward the soldiers, did not appropriate as much as was needed, More than half of the money disbursed by the Pension office this year was in payment of cases allowed during the preceding year, but not then paid because the appropriation was not large enough; hence they were paid out of the appropriation for the new fiscal year which began on July 1, last. This accounts completely for the apparent increase in pension payments during the months of July and August, just passed. The Democratic press, instead of trying to hoodwink the people into charging the Republicans with extravagance, should remember that their own party in Congress is responsible for the lack of a sufficient appropriation.

THE SOUTHERN IDEA.

Judge TERRY was an exponent of the fire-eating Southern idea, and hence the following sentiments, expressed by the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, a representative Southern newspaper, makes pertinent and interesting reading:

The further the preliminary investigation of the killing of Judge Terry progresses in the United States District court at San Francisco the more apparent does it become that Deputy Marshal David Nagle was justified in taking the life of the assailant of Judge Field.

A few days ago Judge Field himself testified that Nagle, upon hearing Marshal Nagle waited two seconds later to fire his shot which at once disabled and caused the speedy death of Judge Terry his (Judge Field's) life would have been sacrificed by the delay.

The later testimony given by Nagle on Friday is clear and straightforward, and it bears the stamp of strict truthfulness. It will be noted that this testimony states that as soon as Nagle entered the room where in the savage assault on Judge Field, Terry turned to him and his hand instantly sought his bosom, as if to draw a knife or some other deadly weapon. Now Judge Terry had shown his friends and associates that he habitually carried a formidable knife concealed about his person. He had drawn this ready and dangerous weapon once before to prevent United States court officers from carrying out a decree of Judge Field in favoring Mrs. Althea Terry from the court-room. He had attempted to use this weapon against the officers, who then disarmed him.

Under the above circumstances it was natural for Nagle to conclude that Terry was about to finish his assault by murdering him or the United States Supreme Court judge, whom he had at his mercy, but for the timely intervention of the deputy marshal's pistol. This was the only deduction that the mind of any cool-headed, courageous man could make in the terrible emergency existing. His only recourse was to defend himself and Judge Field at once by the most effective means at his command, to shoot down the enraged assailant and to shoot quickly, and he did it.

There was a great hue and cry raised by the friends of the slain man because an examination of his person after death showed that he had neither knife nor pistol about him, though his infuriated wife was hurrying to his assistance with a loaded revolver. But the fact remains that this examination was not made until after the remarkable woman had thrown herself on the dead man's body, and had been furnished ample opportunity of removing any weapon from him and concealing it about her own person.

The decision to be rendered by the United States court at San Francisco will be as to whether it has jurisdiction in the case. It is very probable that this decision will turn the matter over to the state courts of California. But these courts can never find Marshal Nagle guilty of any crime, and public opinion throughout the country will sustain and applaud an act of his that insured the safety of one of our greatest Supreme court judges from the infuriated attack of a powerful, dangerous and desperate man who had threatened to murder him.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

A BERLIN newspaper publishes a complaint signed by a number of merchants of that city complaining that United States Consul EDWARDS subjects exporters to trival vexations in the matter of verifying invoices, thus hampering trade with America. The State department should investigate this complaint immediately and if the charges are well founded Mr. EDWARDS should be recalled instanter. Our trade with Northern Germany is of too much importance to be injured by the stupid red tapeism of a puffed-up consul.

EX-REPRESENTATIVE NORWOOD, of Georgia, probably voiced the opinion of his section when, speaking of the prospect of federal election laws by the next Congress to regulate the elections in the South, he said:

They may pass their laws, but they will be a dead letter. It is too late to interfere with the affairs of the South in that way now. Our people will not regard any legislation intended to place the negro over them. Let us alone and we will take care of him.

IT is probable that GLADSTONE'S visit to Paris, "to show good will and respect to France," bears the relation of an effect to its cause—the latter being the effusive attentions of Lord SALISBURY'S government to Emperor WILLIAM of Germany, on the occasion of his recent visit to England.

DO YOU remember that the Democratic war-cry in Ohio, during the campaign that resulted in the purchase of PAYNE'S senatorial seat, was "reform?" It is the same in this campaign, and the same pestilent gang is at the fore of the Democratic hosts who were in the leadership then.

THE banner Democratic county of Georgia has a town of 1,600 inhabitants, in which less than twenty newspapers of any kind are taken.

IF there is one thing the Ohio Republicans desire more than another, it is that GROVER CLEVELAND shall stump the state against FORAKER.

AFTER the congressional elections in the four new states, the House of Representatives will stand 169 Republicans and 161 Democrats.

MR. LOCKE'S LETTERS.

Second Number—Some Very Interesting Points About the City of Hamburg.

The second letter from Europe, by Mr ROBINSON LOCKE, printed in this issue, is a most interesting one. The reader is given not only a great many facts of value regarding the city of Hamburg and its vast commerce, but there are personal experiences, quaint and characteristic bits of life among the Hamburghers—matters that strike an American as different from the current routine of city life on this side of the Atlantic—which are far superior to the dry details of travel as generally given, and bring us at once *en rapport* with the manners and customs of the North German people.

The illustrations of the present letter were all executed in Hamburg under Mr. LOCKE'S personal supervision, and are very valuable in elucidating the text, and bringing the notable portions of the old commercial city before us in realizable form. We believe that the readers of THE BLADE will find this series of letters a genuine treat—not only thoroughly readable and interesting, but instructive as well.

NO EXTRA SESSION.

It seems to be settled that President HARRISON will not call Congress in extra session. There are reasons why an extra session might be desirable. One of these is the fact that it is entirely probable there will be a bitter struggle over the organization of the House of Representatives, and over the adoption of new rules for the House—which is an imperative necessity, if any legislation whatever is to be expected; for, under the rules of the last House, with such a narrow majority on the Republican side, the Democratic minority could impede and obstruct any measure to which it was opposed.

The Democrats have determined to resist to the last the adoption of rules that will enable the majority to control legislation, and the struggle over the revision will be protracted until endurance gives out. The Republicans will be false to the people who elected them if they permit the adoption of the old rules. Probably the time of the extra session would be used up in this struggle until the Representatives from the new states came in, and this may have had its effect in causing the President to decide against calling Congress earlier than the regular date.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is out in a letter to the New York *Evening Sun*, announcing himself as a candidate for Congress from a Boston district. JOHN has peculiar ideas about congressional life, as will be seen by the following extract from his letter:

There isn't a self-respecting American, no matter what tomfool ideas he may have about boxing in general, who does not feel patriotic pride at the thought that a native-born American, a countryman of his, can lick any man on the face of the earth.

It is human nature, and this feeling of patriotism applies especially to Boston, where I was born, and where I shall appear as a candidate.

As to my fitness for the place, I can prove that in few words. A man is elected to Congress to look out for the interests of those who send him there. That will be my motto, and living up to it will be my business.

I know what is wanted by my friends and the citizens of Boston generally, and I'll try to get it.

In my travels about this country and Europe I have had as much experience in public speaking as most people. I'll have no trouble whatever getting a hearing in Congress if in making people pay attention to what I say.

A man who can quiet a crowd in Madison Square Garden as I have done can make his presence felt in Congress or anywhere else on earth.

I therefore announce now my willingness to enter political life.

No doubt he could "make his presence felt," especially if he filled up with Washington whisky. But there is no danger that Boston will let the big loafer "get a hearing in Congress."

JOHN M. LANGSTON, of Virginia, regarded by many as the ablest colored man in the country, heretofore a political opponent of Gen. MAHONE, has come out in favor of that gentleman's candidacy for governor. He is a man of great wealth and influence among both the white and colored people of the state. For several years he was professor of

IN OLD GERMAN TOWNS.

Experiences During a Nine Weeks' Vacation in Northern Germany.

BY ROBINSON LOCKE.

II.

ALTHOUGH but little has been said about it in America, compared to the fuss that has been made over the Paris Exposition, the Exposition in Hamburg is a very meritorious affair—one that would have attracted universal attention had it not been overshadowed by the great show in France's gay capital.

We started to visit the Exposition, or Ausstellung, one day. Every stranger in Hamburg must pay at least one visit to the great exhibit, and the chances are that he feels it so interesting that he goes many times afterwards. That is the case with the residents of the city. The store keepers, restaurants, cafes, and concert gardens complained bitterly all summer long, that the Exposition had taken away their trade and given them one of the dullest seasons they had known for years. The reason for this will be made clear further on, when we come to describe some of the attractions of this highly interesting Exposposition.

To reach the grounds of the Ausstellung you may walk, or drive in a cab, or go by omnibus or street car.

On this particular occasion we elected to go by street car. The service in Hamburg is very complete, there being different lines enough to take you to any part of the city or suburbs, in addition to the Ringbahn, which, as its name implies, is a street railway that goes in a circle through the most important parts of the city.

By mistake we missed a car on the Ringbahn, which would have taken us directly to the Exposition grounds, and found ourselves, instead, in a car that went through that part of the city lying along the Elbe and given over entirely to shipping. The mistake, however, was a fortunate one, as it showed us a feature of Hamburg that was visited very often afterwards.

The streets through which the car went were in that part of the town built since the fire of '42. While the houses are for the most part new, the builders preserved, to a great extent, the style of building in vogue in earlier days. No attempt was made to modernize the town and the buildings of ancient style were erected upon streets that are now about as crooked and confusing as they possibly could have been before the fire.

There is something very suggestive in the way European towns are or rather were built. It seems now as though ground was so valuable that none of it could be wasted on sidewalks, and hardly enough spared for streets. These latter are so narrow that two teams can hardly pass without taking a wheel off, and as for sidewalks they are of such small proportions, and abound with so many gratings over windows and doors to stores and shops below, that the average pedestrian prefers walking on the hard cobblestones in the center of the street.

Notwithstanding this narrowness the street car horses go at a tremendous gait, and the cars swing around the sharp corners in a manner that is anything but pleasant to one whose nerves are not the steadiest. On the under side of the roof of each car is a loud-mouthed bell, to whose tongue is attached a strap. The driver of the well-groomed horses keeps up an incessant clang and clatter on this bell, to warn pedestrians off the track and to notify people around the corner to take warning and get out of the way unless they want to be run over and crushed out of existence.

Before we had become fairly accustomed to this style of rapid transit the conductor came in to collect the fare. A street car conductor in Germany is a mighty important personage. This particular fare gatherer stood about six feet two in his big shoes, and was broad in proportion. His face was covered with a carefully trimmed full beard and moustache, the former parted in the middle and brushed back, after the style set by the late emperor, to whom he bore a strong resemblance.

He was clad in a light drab uniform, with gold lace around the cuffs of his coat sleeves, two sets of glistening brass buttons adown his manly breast, while his cap was of the regulation military pattern, with the heavy visor fitting closely down on the forehead. At his side, slung on a strap over his left shoulder, hung a little circular tin box, in which were a number of printed slips of paper, which proved to be a receipt given to each passenger as he pays his fare. This receipt must be kept in sight by the passenger, as inspectors get on the car at unexpected places to see that the conductor has been faithfully performing his duties. This one fact would at least suggest the idea that German conductors are about as familiar as their American brethren with the process vulgarly known as knocking down.

As the passengers were handing in their ten pfenning pieces and receiving little printed receipts in return, one of our party, still indignant at the number of fees that had been bestowed upon everybody ever since our arrival in Germany, sarcastically suggested that perhaps we had better try to fee this duke in disguise. The proposition was so ludicrous that it was really funny. The idea of feeing such a pompous looking individual, who was rendering us no service whatever!

It was preposterous!

The chances were that he would stop the car and bodily eject the whole party.

But, after an instant's confab, it was decided to try it on, let the dire consequences be what they might.

Accordingly, when the majestic being stalked haughtily up to our little party, I handed him a half mark. He gave us receipts and twenty pfenning.

With fear and trembling I returned a ten pfenning piece.

The great mogul looked me square in the eyes

He drew himself up in true military style, heels together and feet forming a right angle.

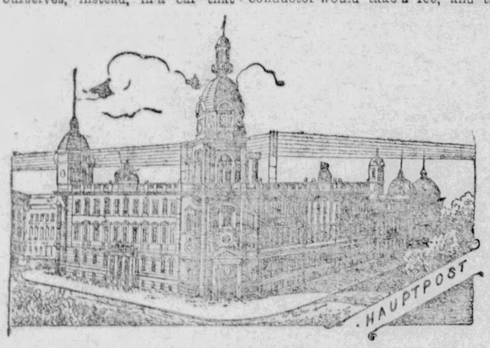
His chest expanded, and he seemed to add a couple of inches in height as bringing his right hand, in a military salute, to the visor of his cap, he smiled benignly and in deep sepulchral tones said, "A thousand thanks, my dear sir."

We all breathed a deep sigh of relief. We had solved an important problem. Even the haughty, full-bearded street car conductor would take a fee, and take it willingly.

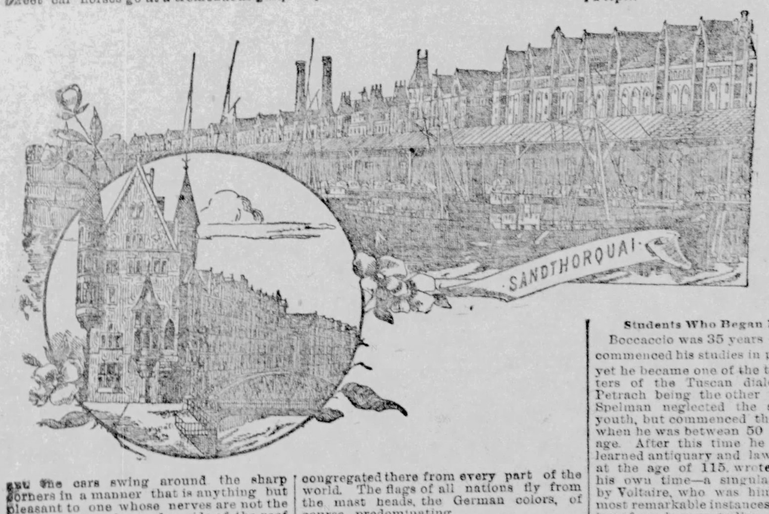
Meantime the car had been bowling along at a rapid pace, past large markets, where men and women, peasants from the surrounding country, were engaged in selling all kinds of produce. We whirled over old stone bridges spanning the canals, and all at once found ourselves in a wide street running along the river. It was totally unexpected this coming upon the harbor, and possibly, was all the more enjoyable on that account.

The harbor of Hamburg is one of the most interesting portions of this extremely interesting old town. Some idea of its importance may be formed from the fact that about 7,000 vessels, of which 4,500 are steamers, enter this port annually, besides 60,000 smaller vessels, principally coasters and small traders. The total value of imports amounts to about 3,000 million marks, 750 million dollars per annum.

The great Elbe from the Billwarder to Altona, realizes more than any place I ever saw, the forceful expression, "A forest of masts." Take for instance that part of the harbor given over to sailing vessels, a good picture of which is here-with given under the title "Segelschiffshaven." Good as the cut is it but faintly represents the vast assemblage of ships



seamen arecared for, and start once more for the Exposition, whose beautiful grounds elegant buildings and wonderful displays of the resources of Hamburg and North Germany are so interesting and instructive. But as this letter has already assumed longer proportions than was originally intended, let us save our stroll through the Exposition for another time. Instead, we will take one of the cars in the Ringbahn, and passing the fine new postoffice, a picture of which is herewith given, cross over the Lombard's bridge, and up to the art gallery, whence it is but a short distance back to our hotel on the Alster basin. ROBINSON LOCKE.



MILLET'S "ANGELUS."

How Fame and Wealth Came to the Painter When it Was Too Late.

The sale of Millet's "Angelus" for 553,000 francs is one of the most remarkable instances of posthumous fame which modern times afford. Few persons who read of the enormous price realized at the sale are aware of the bitter struggle through which Jean Francois Millet was passing whenhe painted his famous picture. This episode in his troubled life cannot be better told than in the words of his friend and biographer, Alfred Sensier, who says:

In 1859 Millet finished his painting of "The Angelus." In this truly original picture Millet wished to give an impression of music. He wanted the noises of the country, and even the church bells, to sound. "Truth of expression will do it," said he. This was one of his favorite pictures; in it he revived his childhood's sensations. As day dies, two peasants, a man and a woman, hear the angelus. They rise, stop work, and, standing bareheaded, recite, with eyes cast down, the words, "Angelus domini nuntiavit Mariæ." The man, a true peasant of the plain, his head covered by a mass of short straight hair like felt hat, prays silently; the woman is bent and full of devotion. Into this picture Millet put the whole strength of his color. When I saw it for the first time it was almost finished. Millet said to me: "What do you think of it?" "It is the Angelus," I cried. "It is indeed. You can hear the bells." And he added: "I am contented; you understood it. It is all I ask. Then, my dear fellow, you must try to sell this picture," he said, and he sent it to me in Paris. After two months of visiting and bargaining, it was purchased by M. Van Praet, Belgian minister. It afterwards passed into the hands of M. Wilson. In January, 1859, when in sore straits, he wrote:—"It is frightful to be stripped naked before such people, not so much for one's pride, which, of course, suffers, as because it is impossible to get what we need. We have wood for only one or two days, and we do not know how to get it, as they will not give it to us without money. I am suffering and sad. Forgive me for telling you these things. I do not pretend to be more unfortunate than a lot of other people, but each feels his own pain. If you can stir up a little those who can get me an order, I will thank you more than ever. I will only believe it when I see it. I am working on the drawings of Alfred Feydeau, whose money I beg you to send as soon as you get it, for the children cannot be without a fire. So much the worse for the end of the month!—J. F. Millet." After fifteen more years of struggle, bravely borne, fortune smiled upon him; but, alas, too late; his health was broken, and he died.

Nellie's Musical Soul.

Nellie has a musical little soul in her mite of a body. Long before she could talk she would catch any tune perfectly and hum it softly to herself in her baby parlance. Once she heard some one sing the words, "Hie track I see, and I'll pursue," and the tune found much favor in her eyes. After that we would hear her singing sweetly to her dollies: "His crack I see in mamma's shoe."—*Harper's Young People.*

Students Who Began Late in Life.

Boccaccio was 35 years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature; yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrach being the other two. Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between 50 and 60 years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquary and lawyer. Ludovico, at the age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his own time—a singular exertion noted by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progressing of age in new studies. Accurso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that, indeed, he began it late, but he could, therefore, master it the sooner. Dryden, in his 68th year, commenced his translation of the "Iliad," and his most pleasing productions were in his old age. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past the age of 50. Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his 50th year. Colbert, the famous French minister, at 60 years of age, returned to his Latin and law studies.

Under the Trees.

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such wondrous be me to them belong;
So, living or dying, I'll take my ease
Under the trees, under the trees.
—*R. H. Stoddard.*

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXIV.

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC

Published by request.

Oh, way down at Fort Monroe, there the rebels struck a blow
That sent a great commotion through the land, you know;
But they'd better stayed at home and let the Yankee boys alone,
For they got enough of Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!

Oh, the iron Merrimack, with others at her back,
Commanded by Buchanan, the old grandee, O!
From Norfolk started out, and she thought to put to rout
Or to capture little Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!

Oh, the brave little band, on board the Cumberland
All disabled, was asked to surrender, O!
"You may take us if you like, but my flag I'll never strike,"
Said brave Morris: "to the last I will defend her, O!"

Oh, the Congress she went down, the Minnesota ran aground,
And the Yankee boys began to feel abandoned, O!
When, see, with hearty cheers the Monitor appears!
And the music struck up "Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!"

Oh, the rebel shot flew hot, but the Yankees answered not.
Till they got within the distance they called handy, O!
Then said Warden to his crew, "Boys, lets try what we can do.
If we lick that iron rebel, we're the dandy, O!"

Oh, the little Monitor her iron hail did pour,
And she made the Merrimac squeal like a gander, O!
The rebels shook their heads, and to one another said:
"I guess they've got an iron Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!"

Says the rebels, "We're undone! Boys, I guess we'd better run,
For the bottom of the river is quite sandy, O!
We're sinking fast, I'm sure, and for Norfolk we will steer,
And curse that iron Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!"

Raise your voices every one, give three cheers for Ericsson,
Who made us a vessel neat and handy, O;
And then we'll give three cheers for the gallant Monitors,
And three for little Yankee Doodle Dandy, O!

And now that the Merrimac has been blown to Ballyhack,
We'll give three cheers so neat and handy, O!
Next Johnny Bull will get his fill, let the world say what they will,
For fighting the Yankees are the dandy, O!

JUST AFTER THE BATTLE.

Still upon the field of battle,
I am lying, mother dear,
With my wounded comrades, waiting
For the morning to appear.
Many sleep to waken never
In this world of strife and death;
Many more are faintly calling
With their feeble, dying breath!

CHORUS:—Mother dear, your boy is wounded,
And the night is drear with pain;
But I feel that I shall see you
And the dear old home again.

Oh! the first great charge was fearful,
And a thousand brave men fell;
Yet, amid the dreadful carnage,
I was safe from shot and shell,
Still amid the fearful shower,
I had nearly passed the day,
When here, a dreaded Minie struck me,
And I sank amid the fray.

Oh! the glorious cheer of triumph
When the foemen turned and fled,
Leaving us the field of battle,
Strewn with dying and with dead!
Oh! the torture and the anguish
That I could not follow on!
But here, amid my wounded comrades,
I must wait the morning's dawn!

CURRENT COMMENT.

The Kind of a Man He Is.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "Congressman Butterworth refuses to come home and make speeches for Foraker." The *Inter-Ocean* will wager a red apple that before the campaign begins to get hot Ben Butterworth will dose the *Enquirer*-Campbell crowd until they "can't tell whether they are whistlin' or singin'." Butterworth doesn't belong among the fellows that sulk when there is work to do.

Let the Flag Wave.

Cincinnati Times Star.

By all means let the stars and stripes wave from every school house in the city. Let the little toddler as he takes his a b c book and goes to the school room for the first time see that glorious banner fluttering above him. Let every year of his school life, every step upward and onward be associated with the flag. We cannot have too much sentiment in regard to the stars and stripes; we cannot hold the flag too dear.

Some Justice in This Claim.

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

St. Louis is vigorously urging her claims for sepulture of the great man's (Grant's remains. For once St. Louis is right. As a cemetery St. Louis is equalled by no other locality on the American continent.

Economy Is Wealth.

Norristown Times.

"Shall I vind the clock, vadder?" asked young Jacob Isaacstein, as they were about to close the store.

"No," said the old gentleman with a sigh, "pizness vas too pad. Choost let it alone Jacob, und ve vill save the wear and tear on the veels."

Tribute From an Old Opponent.

Courier-Journal.

To the conduct of public affairs President Lincoln brought all the qualities of a great man's head and heart. One cannot read the public records of that period without feeling a new respect for the President; a new admiration for his singleness of purpose; for his unselfish patriotism; for his lucidity of thought and evenness of temper; for the clearness with which he stated his position, and for the earnestness and energy with which he appealed to the hearts and consciences of his countrymen for their support.

A Rousing Reception.

Pittsburg Chronicle.

The enthusiastic meteorological phenomena on the coast were only Nature's greeting to Chauncey Mitchell Depew on his return home.

Col. Watterson's Latest.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Col. Watterson is a deadly foe to Republicanism. The latest crime he has settled upon it is that "the Virginia Democrats have practically adopted Republican principles for their state platform." If Republicans have got to be held responsible for such loads as that they will have curvature of the spine sure.

A Much Needed Institution.

Atlanta Constitution.

A little girl 13 years old was seen on a street car the other day with thirteen school books in her possession. We ought to have here a society for the prevention of cruelty to children.

Hats of great heads all remind us,
If we choose the proper way,
We can get up every morning
With a head as big as they.
—*Washington Critic.*

How We Live.

Says an Englishman: "You Americans are getting so that you have no interest for any time but the present. Years ago we used to think we were pretty wide awake when we coined the phrase 'men of the day.' But, bless me, you have no use for men of the day; you only care to know about 'men of the hour.' And I expect that you will very soon ignore everybody but men of the minute. The American people live on the sharp point of the passing moment, and seem to enjoy it."

These old-time English nobles are playing in hard luck these days. Now comes Lady Mandeville, who threatens to go on the stage unless her father-in-law, the Duke of Manchester, pays her husband's debts.

The Head that Wears a Crown.

Edmund Yates says that we may hear any day after the German autumn maneuvers are over that the Czar has left Fredensborg for Potsdam. The uncertainty and mystery about his visit are due to the fact that rumors recently reached St. Petersburg of another plot to assassinate his majesty, who consequently is in a state of panic.

Advices from New York say that there is to be no piano trust. More's the pity, according to the young man who lives near a female seminary.

A Sufficient Reason.

New York World.

The question, "Why do not more Americans marry English girls?" is up again for international discussion. There is one reason so sufficient that the others do not need to be mentioned. And that reason is the American girls.

Where Do They Come From?

Boston Herald.

"Yellow work" is the latest popular phrase for bad work. Whence do these slang expressions come? All at once they are in the air, and all who are without respect for the purity of the English tongue are using them. They have their day, and then they vanish. They die, probably, of inanition, but their birth is a mystery.

AUTUMN DREAMS.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

When the maple turns to crimson,
And the sassafras to gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster in the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut burs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge,
And the whistle of the quail;

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her who still is dear;
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary wings are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can hear her on the hill,
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of earth and heaven
Meet and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

So I think when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometimes steal upon me,
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom,
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to her, ah! to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast,
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last,
That were bliss beyond our meetings
In the autumn of the past.

MORSELS OF GASTRONOMY.

The time is near at hand when we can make game of more birds.

Early celery is already here, but its really palatable time is three months off.

Until they buy better oil, most hotels had better abandon the manufacture of salad.

Lettuce hearts, a roll, and a pint of white wine is a "dainty breakfast" at Newport.

Wise people will cut corn on their plate in public, and defer the flute playing on the ear until they are alone.

Of all the Paris hotels, only one, the Binda, serves green corn, and it is kept by one who caters to Americans and has his exclusive cornfield in the suburbs of Paris.

While in Paris, the fastidious Shah became a convert to the delicious ices and ice-cream they manufacture there, and his appetite for the "frozen luxury" became abnormal.

Pared lemons frozen in powdered sugar is something new for tropical days, and declared by some women to be "perfectly delicious." You are supposed to eat it from the end of a fork.

Grated clams stewed in their own juice and seasoned heavily is what they call an "ocean stew" at Narragansett, where not a little attention is paid to gastronomic originality.

This is preserving time, a period the housekeeper knows very well, and during which she does not compete for the prize for amiability, and is worse than annoyed when visitors are announced. What is "put up" in September is "put down" during the winter months.

Latest thing in salads is called the "pomiscuous," and is well named, since there go into it lettuce, water cress, radishes, beets, onions, salmon, herbs, and parsley. It was started by the refreshment caterers, on the first landing of the Eiffel tower in Paris last month, and ever since the Parisians, like Oliver Twist, cry for "more"—otherwise encore!—*New York Mail and Express.*

Ancient Wit.

The following curious specimens of humor, which are translated from the Greek, are found in the writings of Hierocles, a philosopher of Alexander, who flourished in the fifth century. The author is drawing the character of a scholastic, or pedant, whose mind is wholly engrossed with the *school learning*, a species of knowledge neither sound nor useful. He thus becomes what we call *absent*, and unfit for the common affairs of life:

(1.) A pedant, on his first attempt to swim, being nearly drowned, vowed he would never touch water again till he had learned the art of swimming.

(2.) A pedant, desirous of selling his house, took a stone from the wall, and carried it about with him as a specimen of the premises.

(3.) A pedant, wishing to know whether he looked handsome while asleep, placed himself before a looking-glass with his eyes shut.

(4.) A pedant, happening to meet a physician, tried to conceal himself behind a wall. The doctor asked him the reason for this strange behavior. "Why," he replied, "it is so long since I have been ill, that I was ashamed to meet you."

(5.) One pedant, meeting another, said to him, "I heard that you were dead." His friend replied, "But you see I am alive." "So you say," he rejoined, "but the man who told me the news was more worthy of credit than yourself."

(6.) A pedant, hearing that a crow would live 200 years, to determine the fact by experiment bought and kept one.

(7.) A pedant, on a voyage, being in danger of shipwreck, and seeing the other passengers catch hold of various articles on deck to keep themselves afloat, seized upon one of the anchors.

(8.) Three persons, viz., a pedant, a bald man, and a barber, travelling together, agreed that during the night each should watch in turn four hours, while the other two slept. The lot for the first watch fell to the barber. As soon as he saw his other companions asleep, gently raising up the pedant, he shaved his head, and presently afterwards awakened him. The pedant, aroused from his slumber, yawned, scratched his head, and finding it smooth, exclaimed, "What a stupid creature is this barber; he has waked the bald man instead of me."

Worse to Come.

"Ma," said a frightened little boy in Harlem, "do you see that goat butting my shadow on the fence?"

"Yes, Rockie; but that doesn't hurt you any."

"No, not now; but if he likes to but my shadow as hard as that what d' you think he'll do when he sees me?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Mercenary Little Wretch.

"Pa, I'll be right sorry when you get well," said a little Austin boy to his sick parent.

"Why, my son?"

"Because I won't get any more empty medicine bottles to sell. I sell 'em for five cents apiece to the drug store.—*Texas Siftings.*

—John H Woodbury, the noted Dermatologist, formerly of 210 W. 42nd street, New York City, has removed to 125 W. 42nd street.

An Apt Comparison.

"Oh, ma!" shouted little Dick; "you ought to see our old rooster! You never saw such a funny sight! I pulled the feathers all out'n his tail."

"You cruel boy," chided the mother; "he must be a sorry-looking object."

"He is," gleefully cried little Dick. "He looks just like a woman without no bustle!"—*Binghamton Republican.*

Ourselves and Neighbors.

We note our neighbor's failings and we sigh
And hope that he'll be wiser by and by.

Our neighbor studies us and says 'tis sad.
To see how we are going to the bad.
—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

JUST FOR THE LADIES.

Children are a married woman's safeguards.

Mary E. Farnband, of New Orleans, has been granted a patent for a car-starter.

A wonderful dressing-case, costing $25,000, was among Princess Louise's wedding presents.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison weighs 157 pounds. Baby McKee tips the beam at nineteen pounds.

Mrs. Platt, wife of ex-Senator Platt, is said to be an indefatigable and enthusiastic photographer.

A California letter tells of a widow in southern California who recently sold her orange crop for $16,000.

Stuart frills of costly lace falling over the corsage are worn on many bodices slightly open in the neck.

Miss Mary Redmond, the sculptress, who is to execute a portrait bust of Gladstone, is a native of Dublin.

It has been proposed to erect a memorial to Mme. Roland, which should be placed in the Pantheon in Paris.

The duchess of Marlborough performed the ceremony of crowning the "rose queen" at the Alexandria palace recently.

Miss Ella Byron, a niece of the late John Roach, the Chester ship-builder, is employed in the census office in Washington.

A training-school for domestics is the latest benevolent scheme which a number of Allegheny, Pa., women have in view.

A gypsy fortune-teller informed a Pennsylvania girl that if she wasn't married by the time she was 21, it wouldn't be her fault.

Mrs. Lovett, an American lady, at present visiting England, has for six years been travelling all over the world working up a great temperance crusade.

A Georgia woman writes a letter to the Atlanta *Constitution* opposing the bill to admit girls to the state university. "The girls of Georgia," she says, "must have an industrial institute and college of their own, and nothing else will suit them or their mothers."

Some of the finest patterns in furs for the coming winter are made to fit the figure even more closely than those of a year ago. The cumbersome quilted satin linings are frequently dispensed with and a heavy quality of silk is substituted, with but little wadding beneath it.

The Spanish mantle is worn with dressy toilets of every description. This model, which has proved so popular this season, was originally copied from one of real Spanish lace designed for the Princess of Wales. It consists of a highly pointed shoulder cape, with wide, black lace collar and very long scarf ends that cross at the belt and cover the front of the dress skirt to the hem.

Very handsome ladies' cloth, with new and attractive borderings, and soft English serges and cheviots are greatly used in the formation of stylish promenade and visiting gowns. Many beautiful dyes have been added to the standard shades, red gold, russet deeply tinged with orange amaranth, and dahlia reds, peach color, linden green, and oak heart being among the novel colors in all-wool fabrics.

The Venetian silk-warp challies designed for demi-dress during the autumn are very lovely, both in color and fabric, and their handsome velvet trimmings give additional charm. Laurel and linden green and orange-brown silk challies are made up in directoire fashion, the majority of them being garnitured with velvet. Others have wide Persian arabesque bands, with cape collars and deep Van Dyke cuffs of costly passementerie.

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Publishers' Column.

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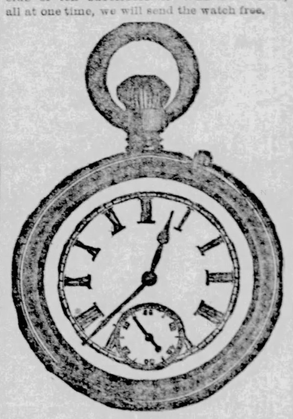

This watch has nickel movements, stem-winder and setter, jeweled cylinder movement, silver case.

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Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

The Horse Fair. By Rosa Bonheur. The most wonderful painting of horses ever produced. This is a well known subject and needs no description.

Washington Entering New York. Representing Washington and his staff entering New York at the close of the Revolutionary war, 1789. On the outside border of this picture are engraved excellent portraits of twenty-eight Presidents of the United States.

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For only 50 cents we will send FREE BY MAIL 7 ELEGANT NEW BULBS [illegible] GUIDE TO BULB CULTURE. Every one of these bulbs is a gem of rare beauty and sure to bloom. We have a HARDY BULBS and PLANTS for winter and early spring blooming. Offer the best Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Lilies, Freesias, Alliums, Scilla, etc., etc. Our GRAND NOVELTIES never before offered, and OUR WINTER FLOWERING COLLECTION, 40 sorts for one dollar, are unequaled for only 75 cents, by mail postpaid. Any one can have gay flowers in the garden during winter as well as in summer as soon as snow melts at small cost. CATALOGUE TELLS ALL ABOUT THEM. JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, FLORAL PARK, N. Y.

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The Chamber Set is made up as follows: 1 ewer, 1 basin, 1 mouth ewer, 1 chamber and cover, 1 soap dish and cover, 1 mug, 1 vase and 1 slop jar.

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We have contracted with the largest pottery in the United States to make for us a large quant

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

When the Wife Holds the Family Purse in Her Hands and Pursues Her Own Way of Self-Gratification.

HERE is always the other side to every question. To-day I am going to present the *other* side. I speak of it in this way, because usually I talk from the woman's stand point reviewing her wrongs, sometimes her faults—and trying to show her how best to cure, or to bear them with equanimity. Women are not angels, by any means. They have tempers, and they have also funny little fads that are sometimes amusing and sometimes exasperating to the masculines of their household; but old-time customs and conditions have made certain laws that are exceedingly humiliating and irritating to the broader thought which the changes of the last two or three decades have brought to woman. Among these is that pertaining to the family purse which places it so absolutely in the hands of the husband because he is the wage-earner outside of the home, and leaves him to dole out to her the proverbial twenty-five cents, with the power to call her to account for its expenditure. The changes can not be rung upon this too often, until her rights in the matter receive recognition, but there is another phase to the question which deserves attention. It is one which is more common than might, at first thought, be imagined, enough so to demand thoughtful consideration.

SELFISH WIVES.

I know families, and, doubtless, those who read this, do too, where the wives are not governed in regard to money matters farther than the knowledge of their husband's income would do. I am not speaking now of those whose vanity and love of fine things cause them to make debts that they have no certainty of paying, but of those who have the ordering of the money expenditures for household purposes without being limited. I know women among these wives, who, taking advantance of this power, stint their families in every possible way in order to gratify their own love of display. It is a selfishness just as reprehensible as that of the man who sees his wife and children want the decencies of life in order to buy the wine and cigars that he desires for his own gratification, or to win popularity.

I used to think this saving out of the housekeeping money to buy pretty things with was an admirable thing, but since I have seen how it may be made the means of injustice to a family, its beauties have faded somewhat away. I believe the trouble often comes in this way. The desire for those things which are to be had only by such saving sometimes grows into a mania of acquisition, just as the love of money does with a man. It is a self-indulgence, whatever direction it takes, whether in getting fine clothes or purchasing bric-a-brac, china or other house adornments. In every case it is self-gratification that is the motive, something that is purely personal, for in nine cases out of ten the family does not share in the pleasure sufficiently to counterbalance the pain.

THAT ONE WOMAN.

I recall one woman who was absolutely niggardly in her food supplies for the table. Fresh bread never appeared because so much more was eaten. There was never any little delicacy prepared, for it took too much material. Bread and butter and cold apple sauce was the provision for supper the year around, good in its way occasionally, but hardly the diet that growing boys and girls, and a weary man would choose as a steady thing. Had it been necessity, it would have worn a different aspect, but it was not. The husband gave her ample means to provide liberally, but she had always some scheme, for which she was saving the money to carry into execution. Remonstrances were of no avail for "what is good enough for me is good enough for the rest." Her husband let her have her own way, because he was naturally one of those indulgent men who would rather suffer than to quarrel at home.

As might be imagined there was no store-house of cookies for the little ones to go to on their return, hungry from school, and in fact no little indulgences of any kind, such as mothers usually delight in. It was not that she did not love her children, but simply that she had allowed herself to become so possessed with the idea of saving, in order to purchase some coveted objects, that her sense of justice was blurred almost to obliteration.

One day she made up her mind that a certain very expensive table that she had seen and admired, should become one of her possessions. Then began the scrimping process, and it was carried to such an extent that the family had absolutely not enough to eat to satisfy the cravings of the appetite. Not alone was it deficient quality, but in quantity. Presently one of the children, then another, and finally a third, came down with some trouble that the doctor declared must be caused by a lack of nutritious food.

Imagine her mortification! Worse than that, her self-reproach for the suffering she had caused so needlessly.

Did it cure her? I do not know. The children are grown into young men and women now and they appear to like to stay anywhere else rather than at home. The husband is a dispirited looking man who seems indifferent to his wife, though never unkind. She is anything but a happy woman judging from her appearance at the rare times I chance to meet her.

RUFFLES AND TUCKS.

I have known women who spent hours upon hours in tucking, ruffling, embroidering, puckering, looping and twisting their garments in order to satisfy their vanity, thus using the time which should have been devoted to the comfort of their households in fostering personal selfishness. The fact that their husbands were over-worked, that their children were neglected, made no sort of impression upon their sensibilities. To minister to self was the first law in their gospel of living, and when the inevitable consequences came in pain and sorrow, they were received as afflictions for which they were in no sense responsible.

Selfishness works out its own unvarying end, which is suffering, with never a failure. The husband or the wife cannot forget what is owed each to the other, cannot either one seek self-gratification to the exclusion of the other without reaping the bitter returns in some way. It is the easiest thing in the world to get into the way of considering only self, and a hundred specious arguments are ever ready to excuse self-gratification. The wives I speak of had no thought in the beginning of doing wrong. Doubtless they felt that they were doing a wise thing, and so, within bounds, such a saving might be, but it needs a constant watchfulness that thrift does not degenerate into theft, for when a family is needlessly deprived of its comforts, it is that and nothing less. Niggardliness upon either side of the house is an abomination.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

THE WAY TO EAT VEGETABLES.

"What an absurdity," says some one who believes that there is but one way to eat and that to get the food to the mouth in the quickest way possible, yet that there are many who do not feel in this way, is evidenced by the questions in regard to the matter.

In truth, the table manners of an individual are the surest indication of his breeding, whether it has been good or bad. They measure his familiarity with social customs, and index to a large extent his refinement. Not but that there are good people and true who do not know the little points of etiquet, because their surroundings have been such as to preclude such knowledge. Customs change too, and things that were fashionable once are awkward now, but though a true lady and gentleman will never be offensive, yet it will save them some mortification to know how they, who are in polite society, do these things.

Almost all vegetables are now eaten with a fork used much as you would a spoon. But little should be taken upon it at a time, and that should be passed into the mouth with the fork nearly parallel with the mouth.

Celery is always taken up with the fingers, dipped into the salt and eaten in that way. Asparagus is also taken in the fingers by the tough end and eaten as far down as it is tender—unless it is so covered with sauce or melted butter as to preclude so doing, in which case it is cut with the knife and fork, and carried to the mouth by the latter.

Green corn has puzzled more people than any other vegetable. Most person like best to eat it from the cob, and yet that is considered by some as the height of barbarity. However, no one need now hesitate to do it, unless they prefer to go without it to presenting an ungraceful appearance, for it is a truth that no one can gnaw corn from a cob and present an attractive *tout-ensemble*. Yet many people who are up in social etiquet eat it in this way. You can better the matter somewhat, while improving the taste of the corn, by running the knife down through the center of each row of the kernels. It then comes off easily. Lately, at some fashionable tables, two little spiked forks, one for each end of the ear, to hold it while eaten, have appeared.

Lettuce requires both knife and fork, though the latter is used to convey it to the mouth.

Canned tomatoes and corn, peas and beans, fresh or canned, are usually eaten with a spoon.

Any questions about table etiquette, or in any other matter, will be gladly answered from the best authorities.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

The following description of the way to prepare some pretty boquets, etc., will interest many at this season of the year:

GRASSES, to CRYSTALIZE.—Dissolve 1 lb. of best, white pulverized alum, over a slow fire, in a qt. of pure soft water. The beauty of the grasses depends on the pure white-ness of the crystals; hence the mixture must not be allowed to boil, and care must be taken that nothing gets in that can possibly stain it. After the alum is dissolved, let the solution cool down to blood heat. Arrange the grasses in a new earthen bowl, pour the solution over them and cover up and set away for 24 hours. Take the grasses out carefully, dry them in the sun 4 or 5 hours and arrange in vases prepared for them. When the grasses are formed into a bouquet before crystalizing, take a glazed earthen jar and suspend the bouget from a stick laid across the mouth of the jar, and pour on the solution. The alum water that remains may be reheated, tinged blue, purple, or scarlet, by a few drops of dye and used again. All kinds of plants may be treated in the same way.

LEAVES AND SPRAYS, TO FROST.—Purchase at any glass manufactory a few penny-worths of powdered glass, or powder some pieces of broken glass by breaking or rolling them yourself, (but beware lest any chips of the glass get into your eyes which should be covered with a gauze veil to protect them while you roll and pound the glass); dip the leaves and sprays in a thin water-gum, and sift the powdered glass over them and let them dry. The effect is wonderful.—*Old Dr. Carlin.*

A PANEL OF FIELD CORN.—Cover a board of requisite size with a piece of old black velvet; if you have no velvet, paint the board black, and after tying the corn firmly together, tack it securely on the the board, and the dark background will bring out the many yellow tints of the decoration beautifully; fasten two screw-eyes in the back of the board, by which to attach the wire, and the panel will be ready to hang on the wall. The corn can also be fastened to a rough board of the desired size and the panel and decoration bronzed, using green bronze for the background and portions of the group, while all the edges and prominent points should be of copper-colored bronze. Early in November the many varieties of gourds ripen, and their many odd and fantastic forms seem like nature's suggestions of the unique in ornamentation. So suggestive are they that it needs but a little originality to make them into many useful and beautiful articles. As a decoration for looping over the poles of portieres, and for holding back draperies, these ornamental gourds are convenient.—*American Girls' Handy-Book.*

MANTEL LAMBREQUIN.—To Florence Vesey.—Cut a piece of the material as wide as your mantel is long and about a foot deep. Slash it up to within two inches of the top at a distance of eight or ten inches (according to the length of the mantel) from each end. Now put two or three pleats in each end of the central piece and tack to the side piece, covering the stitches with a bow of ribbon. A variation of this lambrequin is made by slashing only one end, leaving the other plain. The effect is very pretty. In regard to material, felt is cheaper in the long run, though canton flannel is pretty. If felt is used the edges should be pinked, otherwise cut for a hem, which should be done in some fancy stitch. —RARA AVIS.

A CHEAP LAMBREQUIN and pretty too for Florence Vesey, can be made of common coarse white muslin. Take a piece as long as wished, cut off one edge just above the blue stripe, or selvedge if there is no stripe. 1¼ inch from the other stripe or 2½ inches from selvedge, draw out threads for ½ inch ribbon; ¾ inch below this draw out threads for 1¼ inches drawn work, ¾ inch below draw threads for ¾ inch ribbon; leave 1½ inches space below and draw the threads below, for fringe, over-casting or hemstitching the upper edge after 5 or 6 are drawn. Tie the few threads together that come outside the ribbon. Tie the fringe deep. A pretty pattern for the drawn work is to take a few threads on a needle, throwing them back and twisting them over the same number, drawing the needle under the second few, I hope this is plain.

If any wishes I can send directions for crocheted lambrequin.—Mrs. L. E. GREENFIELD, Aurora, Ill.

Mrs. A. L., Springfield, Ill. The "New Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be ready about the first of October, or soon after. The price will be 25 cents as before.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbad crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sl s, short crochet.

COMBINATION LACE.—Cast on 29 stitches. First row—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—o n—k 5—o—n—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 6. Second row—k 13—o—n—k 13—o—n—k 1. Third row—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o —n—k 4—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 3—o—k 6. Fourth row—k 14—o—n—k 13—o—n—k 1. Fifth row—k 3—o—n—k 3—o—n—o—n—o n—k 3—o—n—n—k 5—o—k 6. Sixth row—k 15—o—n—k 13—o—n—k 1. Seventh row—k 3—o—n—k 4—o—n—o—n—o n—k 2—o—k 3 tog—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 6. Eighth row—c o 3 stitches—k 10—o—n | k 13—o—n—k 1. Ninth row—k 3—o—n—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1—o—n—o k 1—would knit. Tenth row—k 11—o—n—k 13—o—n—k 1. Eleventh row—k 3—o—n—k 6—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2—s l—n—t o the slipped stitch—o—k 5. Twelfth row—k 11—o—n—k 13—o—n—k 1.

BABY'S CROCHETED SHOES.—Some one asks for directions for making baby's crocheted shoes. Some one else sends their way, and as "variety is the spice of life," I thought I would send my way. If the editor will bear with me I will give it as briefly as possible: Material—If wanted for a real young child or for nice for an older one, Saxony yarn is very suitable; but if wanted for real service for the latter, nice, fine stocking yarn is just the thing. First make a chain a trifle shorter than the little foot you want it for. Turn and make a d. c. in every stitch of the chain until you come to the last; in this make four or five. This is for the toe. Go on around making a d. c. in every stitch on the other side of the chain. This end is for the heel. Now turn and come back the same way, but when you come to the extra stitches you made in the toe, make in each one of them an s. c. This draws the toe up. Go on around to the heel again. Turn and go back the same way, making the s. c. stitches in the toe each time after the first. Continue this until it will reach nearly around the foot. Fold the heel end in the middle and crochet together. Break the thread and fold the toe the same way and crochet together just a little way. Without breaking the yarn turn the work right side out and make a row of shells up the instep, fastening these shells to each side of the foot with a s. c. stitch. Then go on around the ankle with a row of shells, and around again; continue this until the ankle is as high as you wish, say five or six times. When you go around the last time catch each shell down with an s. c. stitch, this forms a scallop around the top; put in and out around the ankle a cord made with some of the yarn, finish, the ends with tiny tassels, and you have one completed. In making the shells do not chain any in the center of the shell, for this makes the work too open. Just make six stitches, and then six more between the third and fourth of this for the next row of shells.

Now I want to ask a little favor of some of the sisters. You will soon be gathering your flower seeds, and won't you please remember me with just a few of one or two varieties that you may consider a little the prettiest that you have. I will be so glad to get them, and am willing to remunerate in any way you may suggest.—MRS. CHARLES MERRILL, Thornburg, Iowa.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHINA BERRY TREE.—To all who send me any kind of flower seeds, I will send in return the seed of a balsam vine which is very pretty, and the seeds of a tree which can be grown anywhere, but which I never saw until I came here. It is called the "China Berry Tree." In the early fall the leaves drop from the tree and these beautiful amber berries hang upon it in great clusters. As the sun shines upon the tree it is a picture never to be forgotten of all fair beauties. As my little daughters remarked "Why, mamma, the sunshine stays in them." And so it does. They make lovely decorations for our homes in winter.

Then there is the Yucca, which is a plant belonging to the soap-root family. The Mexican women use the roots for washing clothes, also for cleansing the hair. It looks to me, when in full bloom very similar to a tube rose, only much larger, and has more flowers. It would be an ornament to the fluest lawn in the East.

This Pan-handle of Texas is a strange country. It has beautiful plains, diversified with breaks and canyons from five to twenty-five miles wide, and whose sides are in places so steep that not even the Texas cow pony can make the descent. Plums, grapes, currants and gooseberries grow wild in these sheltered places, and wild animals, such as bear, deer, panther, catamount, coyote, and antelope, are the delight of many a hunting party. The buffalo, which once frequented these plains, have disappeared with the hostile Indian. We are making a collection of buffalo horns, for we are told there is even now a great demand for them, and what will it be fifty years from now? Hunters say the buffalo are almost extinct, and in ten years from now not even the horns can be found on the plains, for hunters are pouring into this country so rapidly.

Perhaps I could be of service to some of the BLADE readers in the east who want bear, panther, coyote or any skins for rugs. If so, write me and I will ask the hunters about prices. You can have them tanned cheaper in the east than here. Also the buffalo horns—your boys can rub them down with a rasp, or glass and sand-paper, then polish with linseed oil by rubbing well. They make beautiful ornaments. I have a fine pair of antelope horns which I intend to mount on red cedar from our canyons, for a gun rest. Hat racks, foot stools and various things are made from these horns and sold at high prices. But one pair of polished horns sells here for $10. If you want any in the rough write to me.—MRS. LIZZIE B. MERRILL, Claude, Armstrong Co., Tex.

This letter which really offers an exchange, is published against the rule in that respect, because it seemed that more of the HOUSEHOLD ought to be able to enjoy the beautiful tree.—ED.

ANOTHER LETTER TO MARJORY MARCH.—In answer to your inquiry in THE BLADE of the 29th, I will say that I am a physician and love my profession, I make a specialty of women and children's diseases and find it very attractive.

You will have to study by yourself or with the assistance of a physician preceptor one year before you are allowed to enter college. You can study about as well alone, at least I could. You will have to read anatomy and physiology also a little chemistry. For the anatomy Gray's is the best and costs either $6.50 or $7.50; physiology, Dalton's; chemistry, Barker or Athfield, about $3.00. Whether you prefer to take women diseases or not you must take a full course, either two or three years. In the practise of medicine I think you will find more money than in midwifery when once established. but of course it will take a while to start in practice. The best way is to pick out a place you know to be good, and stay there, and if you understand your business you will do well after you get started. I have in the last four years supported a family of three, and have had a very poor show for I was obliged to move three times.

The course lasts about five to six months, from October to March.

The college expense is not large, about $250; board in a large town from $3.50 to $4 a week; lecture course about $100; then graduating fee, $25; dissecting material, if plentiful, $25; laboratory material, $10; hospital tickets, $20. The first entering I get will forward, if you would like it, and will send my address.

A very high education is not an absolute necessity, although the knowledge of Latin and Greek is a great help. If you love the work it is, of course, that which you should do and you are very likely to succeed if you have patience, but it takes a good deal of that.

Any more information you may wish I will gladly send by addressing box 283, Lead City, S. D.

About the simple study of midwifery or nursing I can not inform you. If you decide to study and I can help you in any way do not feel ashamed to ask. I will gladly do all in my power.—MRS. H. W. W.

A PLEA FOR THE GIRLS.—I have noticed in the papers for some time, and especially THE BLADE Household, pieces entitled "Advice to Girls," Why doesn't some one change it and say advice to boys? It seems that boys do not need advice, but girls are so impulsive and weak minded that they have to be kept in continual warning. Let us expel the boy from the community a while and see if your advice would be needed. I will not say I am a complete man hater, but I want to say this, that more than half of the girls who are dragged down to ruin are caused to fall by man. Of course, girls are not helpless, but, as you know, there are some who will be deceived and are consequently lost.

It is expected of woman to be pure and good, but 'tis not thought of men. It is not required of them to be pure, or even to enjoy good society—they can spend one night in the billiard room and the next in good society, in respectable parlors. Let a woman try that and she will be scorned and trampled upon. Women are not allowed to go down and then rise. Why have men such a privilege? Are they better than women? Can their sins be pardoned any quicker? Let mothers talk to their boys as they do to their girls and see if they will not prove to be nobler sons. A boy raised under the hand of a woman will know how to appreciate a woman.

Boys now, as soon as they are able to run, are left to themselves; they are allowed to go and do as they please, and to associate with all the bad boys in the country, and they are expected to grow noble men and marry a fine young girl. What bad impressions we are making on the minds of young men when we are always advising the girls. They must imagine girls to be very weak creatures. Girls who have been raised right, and are of good families, generally know how to take care of themselves, and those that haven't, will not often take advice.

I would like to see the next piece entitled "Advice to Boys," and see if the girls will not be more interested in it. I know they all want a change.—OLD SOLOMON'S WIFE.

INQUIRIES.

Will some of THE BLADE sisters send me some pieces of silk, satin, plush or velvet, to make a BLADE crazy-quilt?—BERTHA E. Johnson, Del Rey, Iroquis county, Ill.

I will be very grateful if some of the readers of the BLADE will send me some reading matter—magazines and papers. Would like some numbers of *Peterson's Magazine* and *Youth's Companion*. Please address MYRTLE BERRY, Palatine, W. Va., Marion Co.

Can any member of the HOUSEHOLD tell me of any thing that will remove freckles? I would like some thing that has been tried, and is known to be a sure cure.—C. C. GILBERT.

I am making a BLADE autograph album, and would like a postal card from all THE BLADE readers, with verse, name, age and postoffice address, both old and young.—MRS. L. A. SHERMAN, Box 58, Canastota, Dakota.

Will some one please tell how to clean a palette which contains paint, and which cannot be got off with scraping or oil? —B. R.

I should like to have some of the girl readers of THE BLADE, from 15 to 18 years of age, write to me.—MISS MABEL TORPEY, Trenton, Mo.

Can any one in the HOUSEHOLD tell me how to clean pampas grass? I have some that are lovely, sent to me from California, but they are getting dark with dust.—MRS. T. S. WINCHELL.

Will some one kindly give directions for crocheting a photograph holder?—HETTIE HIBBEN.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD friends please give minute directions for making and freezing ice cream?—FLORA.

Will you please tell me through the BLADE where I could get the sample of the latest tidy holders patented in Ohio?—A READER.

Will "Lottie" please send directions for Crescent lace? Will "Fourteen-Year-Old" send her address to the following address? —CLARA B. CONVERSE, Hancock, Box 49, Iowa.

Would some of THE BLADE readers send me a few pretty bright cards, pictures or chromos, suitable for a scrap book (with their address), or tell me where I can procure them? Thanks to all who sent me reading matter. Would like more; also copies of *The Silver Cross*.—SYLVIA GAYLE, Palmer, Ill.

Would "Montana May" please send a small sample of ribbon embroidery that she gave in THE BLADE some time ago? I will pay postage. I do not fully understand directions.—ANNA CLOSE, Prairie Center, Johnson county, Kan.

Will the readers of THE BLADE send me a curio from their state for my cabinet? I would like to have something from each state, if I could. Please label them with your name and address. I would like specimens of different ore.—Address, LILA MAE, Mills Prairie, Ill.

Will "Mrs. E. M. D.," box 367, Council Grove, Kansas, write to me, personally, in regard to the investment of $200, as to what was most saiable and profitable. Will refund postage.—MRS. ERNEST NYE, Hermann, Minn.

Will "Old Maid Claim Holder" please send me her address? I would like, very much, to correspond with her.—MRS. NORA FOGO, Rockbridge, Richland county, Wis.

Will "ANXIOUS INQUIRER." in BLADE of August 15, please write to me?—MRS. BEN TALBOTT, Stockton, Kansas.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

The question in regard to skinning and stuffing animals and birds was answered at length in THE BLADE some time ago and cannot now be repeated. Some one else writes for a repetition of the article about preparing a fruit called the Mock Peach for use, or else for the paper containing it. It is impossible to oblige in this way as it would involve a long search for which there is no leisure. If any one has the article or knows how to prepare the fruit, and will send it to THE BLADE, if not too long, we will republish it, though, of course, it will not be in time for our correspondent this year.—ED.

Would say to those who may desire Japanese umbrellas for screens or ornaments, that very pretty ones may be made by covering old parasols with wall paper, crazy fashion; first cutting a center piece of some gay color. Finish with border.—LUCILE.

MRS. J. I. S. The word "portiere" is pronounced as if spelled pore-te-are, the e in second syllable, and the a in the last, long. Pronounce "Eiffel" as if spelled I-fel.—ED.

I think if "Beggar Student" will write to Beloit, Kansas, to the Industrial school for girls she will find what she wishes. Their requirements are that the applicant must be over 10 years of age and must possess two entire suits of clothes of either summer or winter clothing when she comes to the school, and when she leaves it she is given two suits of clothes. She can stay one year or till she is 18 years of age just as she likes. She is required to pay no tuition. She is taught all kinds of work both useful and ornamental and I think all the branches taught in the higher schools of learning. You had better write a letter of inquiry to them, addressed to The President of the Ladies Industrial School, Beloit, Mitchel Co., Kans.—MRS. BEN. J. TALBOTT, Stockton, Kansas.

A lady reader asks how to take out fruit stains and even ink. When you have a table cloth or handkerchief stained with any kind of fruit, or even cherries or ink. Take pure rain water, free from soap, have it about milk warm, put the stained article in the rain water, while you are getting your washing ready. Wring out and put in with your clothes and wash as usual. All will come out. Ink ought to be soaked over night. This is the German way.—GRANDMA.

If "Ria" will take two parts of fresh, ripe tomato juice to one part lemon juice, and mix and rub over the face night and morning for a week, I think she will find it beneficial. Let the perspiration dry in the skin. This will also remove tan. To any of the sisters who will prepay postage, I will send small cactus plants. State what color preferred. There are white, red, blue, pink, yellow and orange colors. NELLIE HALL, Konantz, Stanton county, Kansas.

Will you kindly tell "Beggar Student" that Lane University, Lecompton, Kansas, is a normal school? It is a Christian college, with earnest, Christian teachers, one a lady. The tuition is $12, and incidentals $12 a year; boarding and room $200; books reasonable. Our advantages are good, and none are embarrassed on account of rich dressing. We are plain girls, for we are poor girls, many sending themselves to school. I will write, and will give all information desired. Address HATTIE F. CONNELL, Lecompton, Kan.

I am a subscriber of THE BLADE. Am especially interested in the Household, and in answer to Lucy A. Ruch how to prevent perspiration under the arms, will say, use powder with pulverized alum. This is an infallible remedy.—Mrs. L. O. M., Jacksonville, Ill.

Please tell "Peggy" to write to Mrs. Wheeler, Flatwillow, Montana, in regard to buffalo horns if she desires some, and oblige a subscriber.—MRS. M. F. WHEELER.

RECIPES.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Skin one peck of ripe tomatoes; put into a kettle and boil them, then strain through a sieve. Return to the kettle, take off the scum that rises, then add 1 teacupful of brown sugar, ½ of a teacupful of salt, a dessert spoonful of cloves, ½ teaspoonful cavenne pepper, and cook till quite thick, then add 1½ pints of vinegar. Keep well stirred toward the last. This makes a very good catsup. We have kept it four years and as good as when first made. Must be good cider vinegar used.

TO PICKLE PEACHES.—Answer to same enquirer—To 10 lbs. of peaches add 3 lbs. of light brown sugar, 1 qt. vinegar, 1 oz cinnamon, 1 oz. cloves (ground), ¼ pound citron; put all in together and boil until the peaches are tender; skim out and let the syrup boil a half hour longer. I omit the citron, if not handy. This is also a very good recipe for pickling pears.

SWEET PICKLES.—Take 9 lbs. of fruit, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 1 qt. vinegar, cinnamon, cloves and mace, to suit the taste; boil the sugar, vinegar and spices together; skim thoroughly, then boil the fruit in the syrup till the skin cracks; pour all into a jar together; every three days for three different times pour off the syrup and boil for 10 minutes, and pour over the fruit again; they will then be ready for use. For green tomato pickles, cut a slice off both ends of the fruit.—MISS LAURA E. HORN, Madonna P. O., Harford county, Md.

Send any good recipes which you have. They are all welcome.—ED.

RECIPE FOR GRAHAM GEMS.—1 cupful of light brown sugar, 1 of white flour and 2 of graham, 1 tea-spoonful of salt. Mix all thoroughly together. Then add one tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, and 1 well-beaten egg, and enough buttermilk or sour milk (buttermilk is best) to make a batter that will drop from the spoon nicely. Have gem pans well greased and smoking hot. Fill quickly and bake in a quick oven.—MRS. EARNEST NYE, Herman, Minn.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Seeing a request in THE BLADE some time ago for a way to preserve eggs, I will send one I used last summer and did not lose an egg; have used the same again this summer:

Lime, 2 quarts; salt, 1 quart; cream tartar, 3 ounces; boiling water, 8 gallons. Stir well every day for a few days. In about two weeks pour off from the sediment and put in kegs and stone jars; put in fresh eggs as gathered. Be sure there are no cracked or thin shelled ones. Put in a cool place.—MRS. M. A. K.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

EVANS, MONT.

William A Gates	Dora A Gates
Laura M Gates	Clarinda L Gates
Georgo A Gates	Byron R Gates
	Belva F Lamb

Names this week, 7. Total 27,465.

The above embraces all names received up to September 13.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

BY MRS. RICHARDSON.

Under the haystack little Boy Blue
Sleeps with his head on his arm,
While voices of men and voices of maids
Are calling him over the farm.

Sheep in the meadows are running wild
Where poisonous herbage grows,
Leaving white tufts of downy fleece
On the thorns of the sweet wild rose.

Out in the fields where the silken corn
Its plumed head nods and blows,
Where the golden pumpkins ripen below,
Trample the white-faced cows.

But no loud blast on the shining horn
Calls back the straying sheep,
And the cows may wander in hay and corn
While the keeper lies asleep.

His roguish eyes are tightly shut,
His dimples are all at rest;
The chubby hand, tucked under his head,
By one rosy cheek is pressed.

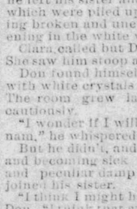
Wake him? No. Let down the bars
And gather the truant sheep;
Open the barnyard and drive in the cows;
But let the little boy sleep.

For year after year we can shear the fleece,
And corn can always be sown;
But the sleep that visits little Boy Blue
Will not come when the years have flown.
—*Toronto Mail.*

For the Young Folks.

GEN. PUTNAM'S CAVE.

BY STEPHEN DOLLES.



DON ROBER was the most daring boy I ever saw. He was afraid of nothing, and went anywhere and everywhere He was always reading books of travel, and of daring exploits in history, and putting the examples of the men described into practice.

Don had suffered severely at three different times while indueing in these experiments and imitations of the heroes he found in the books. Once he came near being drowned by trying to ride as he read Benedict Arnold did in his youthful days, on the huge overshot mill-wheel, through the foaming water and up again.

But instead of going on, the wheel had stopped with Don under the water and before he could escape he was well punished.

He attacked a roving band of Winnebagos who were plentiful enough in Wisconsin then, and imagining himself to be John Smith, he had struck a stalwart brave with a stone, only getting away after a severe beating.

At another time he indulged in a play which set the house on fire and nearly destroyed it. The last experience Don had, was after his father had moved to Minnesota.

There they lived upon a farm in the Zumbro valley, and close to a small creek which cut a deep ravine as it flowed toward the river, leaving high and steep banks, with limestone cropping out here and there, at times making a solid rock from top to bottom of the bank.

Just back of the farm on which the Robertsons lived was one of these steep places, and the corn-field extended close to the edge of the bank which suddenly broke off and by clinging to the scraggy oaks on the very verge, one could look down a hundred feet below, the jagged white rock here and there protuding and making shelves, upon which Don could see bones scattered far and wide.

"Wolves," said Mr. Rober, when asked about it.

"Then there must be wolves' dens down there," thought Don.

The next day he asked his sister Clara to go down into the creek valley and look up at the stone ledge.

They scent down a steep path where the bank only sloped and was all over-grown with trees, higher up the ravine, and soon stood by the little brook, looking up at the white glistening rocks above.

"Oh! I see a den!" exclaimed Don, and he left his sister and rushed up the rocks which were piled up for twenty feet, making broken and uneven steps, to a dark opening in the white wall.

Clara called but Don ran on unheedingly. She saw him stoop and enter the opening.

Don found himself in a dark chamber with white crystals hanging all about him. The room grew larger as he advanced, cautiously.

"I wonder if I will find a wolf, like Putnam," he whispered to himself.

But he didn't, and after looking around and becoming sick of the strange smell and peculiar damp air of the cave, he joined his sister.

"I think I might have found a wolf," said Don. "I think that story of Putnam's a big lie as I can see plainly."

Don told his father of his adventure that evening. When he saw Mr. Rober turn deathly pale and nearly fall from his chair, he was frightened.

"Thank God! You escaped, somehow," said his father.

"What is it?" cried Don, alarmed.

"Why, that is one of the most terrible rattle-snake's dens on the river," was the reply.

"Why didn't they bite!" asked Don who was fairly crying.

"I only know of one reason, naturally; they might have been to cold too crawl out," said his father.

"It smelt awful," said Don. "I guess it was snakes."

The next day was very warm. At noon Mr. Rober took Don by the hand and lead him to the brink of the ledge. Clinging to a tree, Don looked over and saw on the shelving rock, and in the broken pile at the foot, so many snakes that he did not stop to count them.

His father dropped a stone and spoke sharply. The snakes coiled themselves and rattled until Don fairly grew sick when he thought of stepping in among so many.

"You won't play Putnam again, there," said his father.

"No," said Don, "I won't,—but—but—Putnam didn't have snakes around."

CHECKERS.

How a Boy Was Cured of Idleness.

"Playing checkers!" exclaimed Grandfather Weatherby, with a look of great surprise.

"Well, what's the harm of checkers, grandfather?" asked Dick, in rather a fretful tone. "You play checkers yourself. It was you that taught me to play."

"Yes, checkers are very well in the evening when all the work is done," said grandfather. "I believe in having fun at the right time; all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. But checkers in the day time! You never saw me doing such a thing as that, did you?"

"Daytime's good enough," grumbled Dick.

"Yes, plenty good enough for a boy that never means to amount to anything," said the old farmer.

"I've done my chores and all that father set me to do," said Dick.

"That's just the kind of talk you hear from that sort of a boy," persisted his grandfather. "He does first what he's set to do and then he sits down in the shade on a summer day and plays checkers. Why, when I was your age I could have covered every one of my twelve squares with a silver piece of my own earning. Perhaps it was because I didn't have such an easy-going father as you've got. But that oughtn't to make the difference. A boy ought to have it in himself and then it's sure to come out somewhere."

Dick swept his hand across the board with an impatience due partly to the keen criticism of himself, partly to his inward conviction that he deserved all that was said. But it was impossible to get angry at the half-sober, half-joking words of the genial old man.

"I guess you're about right, grandfather. I guess it was in you and isn't in me."

"More's the pity," said his grandfather, now wholly serious. "Seems to me this isn't the kind of a world for a boy to sit back in and just do what he's told do to and nothing further. Why, everything about him seems to be saying: 'Look about you, you young lubber, and see how everything's working with you if you'll only take a hand in it. Look at the earth and the sun and the rain—all ready to be your servants. You never see them idling around.'"

Grandpa Weatherby having said his say, set out with sturdy strides towards his own farm a mile distant. Dick was stung more deeply by his words than the old gentleman imagined.

"Come, let's go on," urged Sam Jones, a lounger of the neighborhood. "That was a tip top game you spoiled."

But Dick turned away from him in ill humor with himself and every one else. There was more truth in what had been said than he liked to acknowledge. He, a boy of 14, had never raised his hand to do a thing that was not required of him, and the requirements had been very moderate. He had attended school during the school season, doing light work the while, and in the summer had engaged in the farm work in the easy-going style his grandfather had alluded to.

"I guess it is just as he says," mused Dick as he carried the checker board into the house. "There isn't many a boy about here that doesn't begin to look out for earnings a bit by the time he is as old as I am. There, old checker board, I'm getting too awfully fond of you. You may go into that corner, and stick there, for all of me, until I've shown grandfather I'm good for something else—if I can."

Dick strolled thoughtfully out into the fields, wondering in what direction he had better turn his energies. There was plenty of work all about him, and he knew well that his father would hire him and, except in the matter of the light duties which he always exacted from his sons, would pay him a fair price for his work.

"What, all that going on over in Deacon Blaisdell's fallow?" He had walked until he had reached the boundaries of his father's farm, when his attention was attracted by a wonderful amount of whooping and hollooing a little way beyond.

"It's a drove of cattle—and a big drove, too. Bad business if they get into the fallow."

He made his way out to the road which was now filled with the cattle pressing on through the dust. Deacon Blaisdell's fallow was not fenced, and the drovers were making their best efforts to keep their restless herd from straying among the logs and bushes.

It would be unlike a farmer's boy not to offer his mite of help in such an emergency. Dick took his stand in the thinly manned line, and by dint of persistent shouting and brandishing of branches gave valuable aid. In the course of time the drove had passed by, with the exception of one lively steer, which had made its way far into the fallow.

"I'll give you 50 cents if you'll get that critter out for me," said the drover to Dick.

"For that'll do for my best suit," said Dick to himself. "I'll do it, Mister," he added aloud."

Picking his way among briers and bushes until he got the steer between himself and the road, by a little clever manœuvering and a good deal of activity, he before long succeeded in sending the animal trotting after the rest of the herd, now some distance down the road. As then Dick came, out of breath, upon a wagon driven by one of the drovers, to receive his well-earned pay.

"Poor thing," he said, looking at a calf which lay in the wagon, gasping as if in great suffering. "Is it sick?"

"Not so much that as overdriven," said the man. "We had only a few such young ones—fact is, I don't hold to taking such, but it is such a likely one I thought it might worry through. But I guess it ain't got much chance in this hot sun, and I can't wait for it to get shade. Say," he added, pausing with a dollar in his hand, "don't you take it for your pay."

"I wonder if it'll live," said Dick.

"Well, I don't say for sure 'twill," said the man. "You'll have to take your chances at that. It's only that if you manage to bring it around it's well worth $5 to you, and if you lose it you lose your fifty cents. You take your choice, you see. It's a fine breed."

Dick was too good a farmer not to be able to see at a glance the possibilities that lay in a fine calf.

"I'll take it," he said.

The man helped him with it out of the wagon, and Dick had a hard time getting it into a shady place, where he left it lying until he could bring some cool water. The poor creature could not, or would not drink, so he bathed its head, and then sought the aid of his mother, a reliable counsellor in all matters pertaining to kindness to dumb animals, particularly of the weak and helpless sort.

"Nothing better than you have done," she said. "Let it lie in the shade and rest. By and by it will take water, if it ever picks up at all."

She was right. Before night the exhausted animal

Talmage's Sermon.

SERMON ON "THE CITY STREETS."

Talmage's Text, "Wisdom Crieth Without: She Uttereth Her Voice in the Streets"—A Discourse That Was Listened to by a Vast Crowd of People.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 15.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., preached at the Tabernacle to-day to a vast congregation on "The City Streets." His text was: "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets." Prov. i, 20. He said:

We are all ready to listen to the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature, day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star, to the great harmonies of the universe. The spring time is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love; and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature; but how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your merchandise, and your mechanism, and to your work, and you come back again—and often with an indifferent heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil, and pain, and pleasure, the slow tread of old age, and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped; and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."

Life Is Full of Labor.

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By 10 o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and shuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smokestacks, and a-rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, their is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms, and thousand eyes, and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work! work! work! while the mills drum it and the steam whistles fife it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity, with stern brow and with unruffled whip, stands over them all, whenever they relax their toil to make their shoulder sting with the lash. Can it be that, passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business, you do not learn anything of the world's toil, and anxiety, and struggle? Oh! how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the sidewalk, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitude went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid, tossed and turned aside, and dashing ahead, and driven back—beautiful in its confusion, and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted offices of fashion, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron coast tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man. Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you look about—see these signs of povery, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the suffering, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all sympathetic God. Then in the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed; and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry, and sick, and wandering, and lost, and heart broken. That is the man, that is the woman," and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry and ye fed me, I was naked and ye clothed me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited me; inasmuch as ye did it to these poor waifs of the street, ye did it to me."

The Streets Are Free to All.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with beerishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head; and the trim hedge-row will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be so. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittering coach wheel rubs against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust health meets wan sickness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Independence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh! that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." Like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs, whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed in the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledge not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Hard to Keep the Heart Right.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot. Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity. Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurement to dissipation. In the maelstroms of the street, how many make quick and eternal shipwreck. If a man of war comes back from a battle and is towed into the navy yard we go down to look at the spars and count the bullet holes, and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the mast head. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of sharpshooting of business life, and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh! how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished. They never had any peace. Their dishonesties keep tolling in their ears. If I had an ax, and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I could find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of the poor man's sweat. Oh! is it strange that when a man has devoured widow's houses he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him, and the earthquake to swallow him, and the fires to consume him, and the lightning to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed, some of the brightest of them will be given to those who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty will be their triumph.

The Shams of Life.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two facedness. Do all people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all of the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down these streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that much of society is hollow, and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh! how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people who are natural and walk. While fops simper, and fools chuckle, and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh. The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within their heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I set these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem: but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflicts of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes, pretending to pay his tax to King Eglon, and while he stands in front of the king, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

A Field for Charity.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering, and want and wretchedness in the country; but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad, and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy answered, with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen him? and haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks, and didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pink up cinders, and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir; I can't read, nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means; and if you are too lazy to go and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way, and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest, when Christ's chariot comes along, the horses' hoofs trample you in the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why?" said the man; "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week and I was crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, my dear; though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie; she said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." O, yes, they are waiting for you. Men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Ever Forward!

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. Whether it be written or written on the very face I meet between here and Brooklyn Bridge, or walking the whole length of Broadway. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude down the streets I hear the tramp of a great host marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace you may reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those beautiful walls, and we will all march in with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toil. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxurious banks and trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage bend their branches to dip the crystal. No plumed hearse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beauty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. They take no censure in that city, for it is inhabited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands. Millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh! start for it to-day. Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the son of God, take up your march to heaven. "The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and they were twelve pearls."

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sheats Cough and Sneeze.

E. N. C., College Springs, Iowa: The first essential to a cure of sneezing and cough in sheats, is to keep the pen scrupulously clean, and have the bedding uniformly dry the same. Do not put a large amount on the floor at one time, and but very little at another. The feeding apartment should be dusted over with dry earth to absord the foul gasses. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that pigs or hogs can live in pens amidst their evacuations without injury to health, any more than other animals. But a teaspoonful of Rochelle salts in soft feed, for each sheat, for about three days, with half a teaspoonful of ginger. To relieve the cough, smear half a tablespoonful of tar on the tongue of each sheat with a small paddle once a day for three days. It should be put well back on the tongue.

Best Instrument in Use.

Mr. E. S., Parma, Idaho: The best thing in use for deborning cattle is a saw with very fine teeth, which may be obtained at almost any hardware store. Stanchions in which the animal is placed are necessary when several animals are to be dehorned. The horns are cut off well down to the hair.

Blood Needs Purifying.

G. H., Paris, Mich.: The blood of your cow upon which swelling appears needs purifying. Give her three quarters of a pound of salts in warm water, in which a cupful of molasses is stirred. After this operates, take of sulphate of iron, two drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; powdered gentian, one ounce. Feed this much in dry feed to the cow once a day for a week, or it may be given as a drench. If the lump that seems to have matter in it is not near the udder, it may be lanced, and poulticed. Lumps that appear on the cow may be dispersed with iodine, one-quarter ounce; lard four ounces.

Pigs Weak, Scabby, and Died.

F. C. B., Napoleon, Ohio: The cause of the eruptions on your little pigs was no doubt caused by the impure condition of the milk of the sow. You should have given her an ounce of Rochelle salts once a day for three days, and changed her food, giving oats, wheat and barley ground together with a small quantity of salt and charcoal in it. This is the best kind of feed for a sow with pigs. Corn in the hot days of summer in chop feed for sows' suckling pigs causes fever, and at times affects the pigs. You might have saved some of the pigs that died by rubbing them all over with petroleum one day and working it off the next. Twice would have been sufficient.

Appears to Have Been Overheated.

O. H. S., Arkalou, Kansas: Your question is not sufficiently explicit regarding the ox you say has all the appearance of being overheated some time ago. It would be impossible for us to give a remedy for something about which you are not certain. The ox may be suffering from indigestion, rheumatism, or some other trouble. How does he act? Are his digestive organs working properly? Does his coat look natural? Are there any eruptions on him? You see it is necessary to know a few facts before anything can be done.

Poll Evil.

W. S. B., Myers, Tennessee: If, as you say, there is no external opening, and pus has not formed, bathe the part with tincture of arnica, 2 ozs.; water and vinegar, of each 1 qt. Dip a cloth in this, put it on the swelling, and keep it wet until the inflammation is overcome. Then take of iodine, 1 dr.; lard, 1 oz. Mix for an ointment and rub the swelling with it. If pus has formed, the swelling should be lanced at once. Make a free cut. Press the puss out gently, and keep the part open for a week, fomenting the part all the time, pressing the pus out at least once a day. After this, syringe to the bottom thoroughly with chloride of zinc, 30 grs.; water, 1 qt. The cut should be made to the bottom of the fistula.

Very Likely Pneumonia or Inflammation of the Lungs.

F. O. D., Pleasant Mills, Ind.: In the absence of a full statement of the actions of your sow that died about two weeks after having pigs and whose lungs were affected and inflamed, it is pretty certain that she caught cold and died of the disease above named. When you first saw that she was not well the proper treatment in such cases is to put the animal in a pen where there is plenty of bedding and scrupulously clean. Feed well, and moisten mustard flour and rub it into the throat and chest. Of medicine give of nitrate of potash, 2 drachms; bisulphite of soda, 2 drachms. Mix and give in a pint of gruel. This may be repeated as necessity requires.

To Make the Mane and Tail Grow On Colt—Sprain of Back Tendons of Horse.

W. K., Rogerston, Ind.: To make hair grow the following is used: Mix sweet oil, 1 pint; sulphur, 3 ozs. Shake well and rub well in two days a week. A gentle stimulant to the skin when the hair bulbs have been weakened, is: Strong mercurial ointment, ½ oz.; castor oil, 2 oz.; oil of origanum, ½ oz.; cacoa butter, 3 oz. Melt the butter and then rub all down together in a mortar that has been well warmed. You can judge which one of the above receipes is the better. If the hair bulbs were weakened by any means, use the latter recipe. You should have stated whether the hair was slow in coming out naturally, or otherwise. For sprain of the back tendons, foment the part with warm water. Dip flannels in the water and apply to the leg for four or five days; then take of red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz. Mix and rub along the tendon for a week. Give the animal a high-heeled shoe and a month's rest.

Colt Came Before Its Time—Udder Swollen—Discharge From Vagina.

W. M. G., Floyd C. H., Virginia: Your young mare, which you say is in a peculiar condition, should receive close attention from a veterinarian, as there are complications that require attendance personally. Your mare is suffering, from the description you give, from leucorrhea. In this case linseed tea or slippery elm bark mucillage, made warm and containing a drachm of sugar of lead to the pint, is a good injection. This should be used twice a day for three or four days, and then put in a drachm of sulphate of zinc instead of the sugar of lead. Alternate in this way until the animal recovers. Give this tonic at the same time for two weeks: Sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm. Give as a ball, three times a day. Give a bran mash every day and in administering this tonic. For the swelling or the udder, take of extract of belladona, 1 oz; vaseline, 4 ozs. Apply this freely and persistently all around the quarters of the udder.

Mule With Sweeney.

E. A., Wathena, Kan.: Before treating your mule for sweeney, examine his foot and leg carefully, as nine times out of ten the trouble may be found there instead of the shoulder. If you are certain it is the shoulder, apply to the shoulder soft soap with a little salt added. Do this about four times a week for two weeks. It must be applied to the joint of the shoulder, not on the flat surface. The shoulder should be fomented for two days with warm water before beginning the above treatment. If you find the animal improving, continue the soap and salt until he recovers. If he does not improve, take of iodine, ¼ oz.; glycerine and mercurial ointment, 2 oz.; olive or sweet oil 6 oz; rub on shoulder joint and around it, and give the mule a month's rest. He will not recover if worked. He should not have a collar on the shoulder. It was of no use whatever. We advise you to examine the foot; see if it is unnaturally warm; look for corns; and feel the tendons of the leg to atcertain if they are all right.

Suppurating Wart—Curb.

J. D., Cedas Rapids, Iowa: Sprinkle a little blue vitrol on the wart, cleaning it off once a day with warm water and soap. Poultice the part with linseed meal a day or two before applying. For the curb, foment the part with warm water. Dip cloths in this and wrap the leg, keeping wet until all inflamation is removed; then take of biniodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1 oz; mix well and after cutting the hair from over the swelling, rub a little of this in every night, until there is a free watery discharge. If after a week's time the curb has not disappeared, apply again. Heal with unsalted lard or vaseline.

Milking Tubes—Worms in Tail of Colt—Pin Worms.

T. W. S.: You may get milking tubes by addressing any large wire house that carries a full stock of goods. For the thread worms, first give the animal a soap and water injection, then insert this up the rectum: Liquor of perchloride of iron, 6 ozs.; freshly made lime water, 1 qt.; also impregnate the drinking water with 2 drs of the perchloride of iron three times a day for two days, and wash bran mashes. Smear the anus and surrounding parts with mercurial ointment, to destroy the worms and eggs.

Lampas.

D. T. F., Union county, Pennsylvania: For lampas, touch the bars of the mouth very gently with a knife until they bleed, then rub in a little salt.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. Stein Has Something to Say About the Average Farmer as a Methodical Business Man—Dollar Wheat—A Deep Harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, Etc.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The average farmer as a methodical business man, I am afraid must be put down as a failure, judged by comparison, from an impartial standpoint. The merchant, after laying in a stock of goods, before offering them for sale, marks each article with a cost and selling price, allowing sufficient margin between the cost and selling price to pay all the necessary expenses, to which his business is subject, besides a fair profit for himself, as he does not do business for amusement or recreation, as we farmers do, else we would not give away our whole year's business every spring when the assessor comes around; nor would we have raised wheat for the past two years at a loss. Now, there some of us who labor under the same delusion as did the Democratic congressmen in regard to the profits of the American manufacturers, after the census of 1880 was published.

The manufacturers were accused of making an average net profit of 35 per cent, when, on impartial tes imony, it was shown that 35 per cent was their gross profit, and that no allowance had been made in the report for clerk hire, insurance, interest on capital invested, freight and commission (as few goods are sold at their place of manufacture), besides storage for same, and other incidentals; and yet at each recurring Presidential campaign the same old "cuckoo" is dressed up by the country newspaper for us to read and gape at in open-mouthed astonishment, and we ask ourselves, if such profits can be made in merchandise and manufactures, why is it that there is so much idle capital seeking investment, at from 4 to 12 per cent, and why are we as farmers satisfied if we can make 6 per cent on our investments, simply because we are willing to be humbugged instead of using common, ordinary "hoss" sense.

Although the merchant annually takes account of stock on hand, and makes up a balance sheet in order to see if he has made or lost money in the previous year's business, in spite of the above precautions and supposed large profits, they do not prevent failure, for it is said that but one merchant in a huadred succeeds in making enough to enable him to retire from business. Let us now contrast the business methods of the farmer with those of the merchants, by asking Mr. Carlin the following questions:

Do you open a debit and credit account with every crop you raise; if you are a grain farmer, or with your stock, if stock raising is your principal business? If the former, do you charge said crops, with the seed and labor, such as plowing, harrowing, drilling, or planting, cuting or gathering, threshing and hauling to market, interest on land and capital invested? Do you, at the end of every year, take account of stock on hand, and make up a balance sheet in order to find out which crop paid you best to raise, or on which you lost money? "Not much do I," would be the reply of nine-tenths of the wheat raisers of Kansas. Notwithstanding this slip-shod way of doing business, it is within bounds to say that 75 per cent of them are successful in their business, and will have a moderate competency for old age.

Admit, for argument's sake, that Mr. Carlin (I hope he will pardon me for using his name in that connection) has thus far conducted his farm operations in such a hap-hazard way, how can he tell, for instance, that he cannot afford to raise wheat for less than one dollar a bushel, (see St. Louis farmers' convention) when the fact is that for the past ten years it has not averaged seventy-five cents per bushel, west of the Mississippi river.

Taking either "horn of the dilemma" wheat farmers during that time have been losing money and like Micawber's wheel of fortune, are still awaiting their turn. If not, that call for a farmers' convention, and wheat at $1 per bushel, looks to me like a combination to squeeze the consumer.

It is useless for us to attempt to ignore the laws of supply and demand, for like the laws of the Medes and Persians, they are inexorable; for just so long as we continue to raise fifty or one hundred millions of bushels over and above our home demands, and which must find a market abroad, where it comes in contact with the cheaper wheat of Russia, India, Australia and South America, made so not only on account of the cheaper labor, but infinitely more so through the introduction of American and English labor-saving machinery. If it were even possible for the farmers' convention, which is to meet in St. Louis in October, to agree not to sell any wheat for less than $1 per bushel, how many farmers here in the west are so well heeled financially as to enable them to stand up to it for any length of time? Very few, unless the Greenback-Union-Labor-Money-Millenium should be inaugurated by the United States treasury, whereby the treasury would be turned into a gigantic loan agency. But as that is one of the improbable things. Necessity, which knows no law, would force them to sell. Such being the case, all such Utopian schemes, like farmers' conventions, Alliance, Wheel, etc., instead of putting the axe at the root of the evil, has a tendency to array one branch of industry or business against the other. The merchant is charged with making 80 and 90 per cent profit by Alliance organizers (as reported in THE BLADE FARM), and in the call for the farmers' convention we find the following: "Owing to certain combinations, we are not, as an agricultural class, enjoying equal privileges with the manufacturing and commercial classes," etc. In plain English, it is the old Democratic ass of free trade disguised in the lion's skin, but which fails to hide its ears or suppress its bray. In the South the Wheel has formed a cotton and cotton bailing trust, and in the West under the auspices of the Wheel and Alliance, a wheat trust is to be formed whose object and aim is to hold wheat at $1 per bushel. Such being the case, I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and say, that wheat is not only one of the necessaries, but the staff of life, consequently according to the good old Democratic free trade doctrine the consumers, who are not wheat raisers would be justified if they asked Congress to admit the wheat of India, Russia, South America and Australia free. Said wheat can be landed in New York and Chicago to cost not over 75 cents, besides paying the shipper a handsome profit. That would certainly be a beautiful illustration of protection vs. free trade, a la Mills.

There is no one who would rejoice more than the writer, to see wheat bring $1 per bushel, and all other crops prices in proportion, all other conditions being the same, but when the law of supply and demand does not justify such a price, to put a fictitious value on it not justified by them, is like fleeing from the ills we know of to those we know not. If it does not pay the farmers of the West to raise wheat for less than $1 per bushel, then the wheat raisers of Kansas have been losing money at it for the past ten years, and the sooner they call a halt the better it will be for them financially.

If the various farmers' organizations were to use their "blind sight" as judiciously as they are endeavoring to impress the outside world with their foresight, they would at once drop all such schemes as the foregoing and address themselves to something that is really tangible and within their reach. For instance, impress upon Congress the importance of having a deep water harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, so that vessels drawing from 18 to 24 feet of water could enter and depart in safety, thus giving the farmers west of the Mississippi river an equal chance to compete in the markets of Europe with their brethren in the east and those of foreign countries, instead of being compelled to ship their surplus wheat, corn, oats and other products to Chicago and New York in order to find a market, thus paying from 15 to 25 per cent in freight and commissions to railroads and middlemen, all of which could be saved to the farmers' pockets if we had such an outlet for our surplus. Without it, or a general failure of crops in Europe and the wheat-raising countries of the world, it would be sheer folly to attempt to force wheat to $1 per bushel, and carry it out successfully, even if they had control of all the surplus funds in the banks of Chicago and New York, which latter is not likely to happen. But give us such an outlet for our surplus products for a number of years, so that we can adjust ourselves to raising other crops, such as flax and hemp, the bulk of which is now imported. That would forestall such a contingency as a surplus, in any ordinary season, because the hundreds and thousands of acres now devoted to wheat which creates it, would be changed into the above crops, under adequate protection by Congress. We might enlarge and spin fine theories about an unlimited volume of currency, in order to increase the price of our products. The law of supply and demand will still regulate the price.—WILLIAM STINE, Wilsey, Kansas.

Remedy for Cabbage Worms.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have tried the following for several years and it never failed: One pailful of water, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of kerosene. Stir well and sprinkle cabbage.—MRS. N. J. D., South Dakota.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

CROPS AND WEATHER.

They Are Trotting a Fairly Close Heat Just Now.

The following weather crop bulletin was issued by the signal office at Washington on Sept. 16: The week ending September 14 has been warmer than usual over the corn and cotton regions and generally on the Atlantic coast, the daily excess of temperature in the central valleys ranging from 3 to 9 degrees, while on the Atlantic coast about the normal temperature prevailed. It was colder than usual from Dakota westward to the Pacific coast.

The temperature for the season from January 1 to September 14, has been slightly lower than usual in the Southern states and the Ohio valley, and warmer in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and the northwest, the greatest excess in temperature occurring in Dakota and the adjoining states, where the daily temperature has averaged from two to four degrees above the mean of previous years.

There has been less than the usual amount of rain during the week generally throughout the principal agricultural districts, including the cotton and corn regions. An excess of rainfall occurred in the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts southward to North Carolina and excessive rains also occurred over limited areas in the northwest, including Northern Missouri, Eastern Kansas, Eastern Dakota, Western Minnesota and Southeastern Iowa. In the remaining states of the upper Mississippi and Missouri valleys well distributed showers are reported, while no rain occurred in the lower lake region, the Ohio valley, Western Pennsylvania, lower Michigan, and over the greater portion of Tennessee and Mississippi. Only light showers are reported from the east and west portions of the cotton region.

The rainfall for the season remains, approximately, as reported in the previous bulletin. The cotton region and the principal corn states have been favored with over 80 per cent of the normal rainfall, while the region from Lower Michigan southward over Ohio and Eastern Kentucky and Central Tennessee has received less than 70 per cent of the usual rainfall. On the Pacific coast the seasonal rainfall in California exceeds 70 per cent, and in Oregon it amounts to about 50 per cent of the normal.

The weather during the week was especially favorable throughout the corn belt. Cutting of corn is in progress and a large percentage of an excellent crop is now safe from frost. Recent rains placed the ground in a favorable condition for plowing in the states of the Mississippi valley, but fall farm work is delayed in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, owing to the absence of rain. The prospects of the cotton crop have been improved by the favorable weather during the week, in Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana. Cotton picking is in progress, and worms have proved generally destructive. Excessive rains in Texas have slightly injured cotton, but placed the ground in good condition for plowing.

Reports from Alabama state that cotton is opening rapidly, but the rust is still spreading. In South Carolina the good weather favors cotton picking, and other crops are reported in fine condition. In New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia crops were improved by favorable weather, but the high winds are unfavorable for seeding. In these states the corn crop is reported as large; an excellent tobacco crop in Pennsylvania has been secured, and the hop crop in New York is safe and in good order.

In the northern half of New York, the weather was favorable, but nigh winds in the south damaged fruit. This condition extended over New Jersey where little sunshine and heavy rains proved injurious to late truck, but they were beneficial to pastures and favorable to fall plowing.

Reports from Kentucky indicate a fair crop of tobacco if not damaged by frost.

The weather conditions were favorable on the Pacific coast for hop picking, prune drying and fall seeding.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, Sept. 14, says: Scarcely a week has passed since government purchases of bonds and heavy payments made the street certain that there could be no monetary pressure this fall. Now people are talking again about possible exports of gold. Foreign exchange is higher, and rates for money advance, the best commercial double-named paper selling at 5 to 6 per cent, and prime single-named at 6 to 7 per cent.

Over $20,000,000 have been absorbed, of which none has gone abroad, and scarcely any to the west or south, and the question is again just what it was some weeks ago, "Will the treasury be able to get bonds enough to prevent monetary pressure?" Then there was known to be more than $20,000,000 locked up in bonds held on speculation; that resource has gone, but the additional money has been absorbed by speculation in stocks.

Heavy sales of stocks on foreign account have caused a little reaction and raggedness, but the general average of prices is still nearly half a dollar per share higher than a week ago. The wars of railways do not cease, but on the contrary are increasing in number and importance. Reports of products are remarkably large for the season, for two weeks 40 per cent above last year's, but the imports of merchandise are also very heavy, and the unrecorded imports of securities returned from abroad tend to turn the scale.

At every western and southern center money is in fair supply, with a demand generally good, but brisk at Milwaukee, and such at Chicago that an advance in rates is expected.

The violent storm has disturbed business not a little along the seacoast and affected purchases for the interior, but in all other respects the week has been one of satisfactory business. Nearly all interior cities report trade as active or improving and the clearings through all banks outside of New York still exceed last year's by 27 per cent.

Though the government crop report was thought slightly unfavorable, other accounts all concur in very satisfactory views, and the course of trade at interior points manifests the confidence of local dealers.

THE GREAT STORM.

SCENES OF RUIN.

The Receding Waves Disclose a Fearful Amount of Wreckage.

Reports from along the Jersey shore show wrecks everywhere, there being sixteen between Barnegat Light and Sandy Hook. In New York city, the cellars and basements of the lower part of the city were flooded and business at the docks and along the water front carried on under great difficulties.

The vessels at anchor along the South street piers had the appearance of having passed through a veritable cyclone. The rigging of many of the craft were torn into shreds, and spars and masts were dismantled while the waves beat with great fury against the vessels' sides even as they lay at their piers.

They tell the following story of the attempt to run trains from Atlantic City:

On Tuesday Morning.

When Tuesday morning dawned the situation was alarming in the extreme. Property owners were early afoot to see to what extent the waves and wind had damaged their holdings.

Then the hotel guests appeared, the women wrapped in shawls and gossamers, and the men clad in storm coats, gum boots and closer fitting caps. They looked almost without exception the abject terror they felt. They hurried to the railroad stations as if their very life depended on the alacrity of their movements. And once within these structures they did not heed the warnings of the experienced people who stood around that the meadows were flooded and a safe passage, even as far as the drawbridge, was impossible, but they rushed pell mell into the cars that actually forced the rash engineer into making an attempt to reach the main land.

At the Camden, Atlantic & West Jersey station, Agent Young and Station Master Mikesner superintended the preparation of the outgoing trains, and at the Reading station, Agent Withers and Yardmaster Metz performed a similar service.

Tracks Under Water.

Each had a locomotive in front and one in the rear. They started off headed for the flooded meadowland, and they crept along over the hidden tracks as if fearful of a fatal plunge. They all went out between the hours of 6 and 9 in the morning, just as the high tide was nearing its full limit.

The hurricane, too, was gaining in strength, and its fierce, sweeping gusts threw the cars in many places against the car windows, and made the heavy coaches rock to and fro as if in momentary danger of overturning.

But long before the mainland was reached the trainmen themselves began to realize the foolhardiness of their undertaking, and decided on a retrograde movement.

Had to Turn Back.

Their engines were plowing through from six to eighteen inches of water, which threatened every moment to put out the fires, and as there was a regular sea ahead, there was no alternative but to return so the engines were reversed and the trip back, now doubly hazardous because the waters had risen several inches, began.

Hardly a furlong had been covered, however, when the fires were extinguished by the rushing torrents of water, which now dashed against the cars with terrific force, breaking the windows and completely enveloping the trains in sheets of spray.

At the Mercy of the Waves.

When it became known to the passengers that their trains were helpless and at the mercy of the rising waters there was a scene of panic that beggars description.

Women screamed and fainted, children cried, and men gave way to the general despair. It was only when the conductors went from car to car and declared that relief engines had been telegraphed for that the frightened passengers became more hopeful. When the rescuers did come it took a mighty effort to pull the trains over the sunken and twisted tracks, and it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon before the last trainload of weary passengers was pulled slowly into the Camden & Atlantic station.

AT DELAWARE BREAKWATER.

Wreckage on All Sides—Angry, Surging Waters Tossing up the Dead.

A telegram from Lewes, Del., dated Sept. 12, says: No language can picture the terrible scenes along the coast. The wind blew with almost hurricane fierceness, driving the rain with a force that cut like hail. The hail mile reach of sand between town and coast was a tossing billowy ocean bearing wreckage on every wave.

Through the mist of spray storm tattered sails and the naked masts of scores of deserted and dismantled vessels could be dimly seen.

By Wednesday a hundred vessels had sought the refuge of the breakwater. The refuge was insufficient. By 11 o'clock the sea broke over the breakwater, wrecked the telegraph station, carried away the big fog bell, and rushed shoreward, sweeping away the steamboat pier, and dashing the Italian bark Il Salvatori against the government pier.

The piers of Brown & Co., and Lewes Bros., gave way and were swept to sea. The United States marine hospital was dashed from its moorings and sent spinning down the beach. The Lewes life-saving station, forty feet above high water mark, was flooded and its foundation undermined.

Hugheyville, a suburb between the town and beach, was submerged and its 200 inhabitants fled for life, leaving all their possessions behind.

The first boat came ashore at 9 a. m. Then came another and another.

The life-saving station crew, reinforced by the Henlopen and Rehoboth crews, went to work, and labored almost unceasingly The crew of every vessel that struck was taken off by these daring men, and not a life was lost among the scores of men they handled. Following is a complete list of the vessels that came ashore: Italian bark Il Salvatori, American schooner Henry M. Clark, British schooner Byron M, American schooners Alena Covert, Gertrude Summers, G. F. Becker, E. & L. Bryan, Maud Leonard, Mina A. Reed, Novena, Charles P. Stickney (total loss); Addie B. Bacon, S. A. Rudolph, A. & F. Hooper, Emily B. Dwyer, J. D. Robinson, American ship W. R. Grace, brig Richard J. Green, American schr. Major W. H. Tantum (total loss); Nettie Champion, pilot boat T. F. Bayard, barges Wallace and Tonawanda and two others, names unknown. Also a vessel sunk off the Brown shoals; all the crew drowned, but two got ashore on a raft.

Another vessel, in regard to which there is a dispute as to her being a bark or a three masted schooner, as her top masts only can be discovered, as she is sunk on the Shears shoals. It is not known whether her crew escaped. The total number of lives lost will probably exceed forty. Five of the eight men who composed the crew of the E. and L. Bryan, perished where the vessel sunk on Brandywine shoals. The mate and two seamen caught a spar and drifted all night.

At daybreak the others discovered that one of the sailors was dead, his body still lashed to the spar. The two survivors were picked up by a tug and brought to Lewes.

LONG BRANCH.

A Mass of Wreckage Lines the Shore—Fearful Devastation.

A Long Branch dispatch dated September 12, says: This was the most severe and damaging storm which has visited this section of the New Jersey sea coast in the last fifty years. Here the surf ran so high that it washed the outer end of the great ocean pier, and tossed its foam and spray 200 feet inland. The bluff has again been badly damaged, and it will cost fully $170,000 to repair it.

All along the ocean front the surf has undermined the bluff. The surf twisted several of the iron piles of the ocean pier out of shape and torn off the railing at the sea end. Many of the hotel bathing houses were torn to pieces, and the beach pavillions of the cottagers were undermined and swept away.

Asbury Park.

The damage at Asbury Park,

WASHINGTON NEWS.

TANNER'S RESIGNATION.

Very Pleasant Words Pass Between the President and the Late Commissioner.

The following is Commissioner Tanner's letter of resignation and President Harrison's reply thereto:

DEP'T OF THE INT., BUREAU OF PENSIONS, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 12, 1889.

TO THE PRESIDENT:—The differences which exist between the secretary of the Interior and myself as to the policy to be pursued in the administration of the pension bureau have reached a stage which threatens to embarrass you to an extent which I feel I should not call upon you to suffer, and, as the investigation into the affairs of the bureau has been completed, and, I am assured, both by yourself and by the secretary of the Interior, contains no reflection on my integrity as an individual or as an officer, I herewith place my resignation in your hands, to take effect at your pleasure, to the end that you may be relieved of any further embarrassment in the matter.

Very respectfully yours,
JAMES TANNER, Commissioner.

The President's reply was as follows:

Hon. James Tanner, Commissioner of Pensions:

DEAR SIR:—Your letter, tendering your resignation of the office of commissioner of Pensions, has been received, and your resignation is accepted, to take effect on the appointment and qualification of your successor.

I do not think it necessary in this correspondence to discuss the causes which have led to the present attitude of affairs in the Pension office. You have been kindly and fully advised of my views upon most of these matters.

It gives me pleasure to add that so far as I am advised, your honesty has not at any time been called in question, and I beg to renew the expression of my personal good will. Very truly yours,
BENJAMIN HARRISON.

WHY HE RESIGNED.

The True Inwardness of the Tanner Case.

The Tanner sensation, which has caused as much excitement is fast dying out. The real truth of the cause of his removal is now being understood, and the reasons assigned at the time his resignation was demanded are now found to have been erroneous. The natural inference was that the report of the investigating committee revealed some gross mismanagement on the part of the ex-commissioner which rendered his longer continuance in office a detriment to the service. This is not so. The letter of the President saying that there was nothing known which reflected upon Mr. Tanner's honesty or integrity, was not simply kindly phrasing, but the result of honest conviction, so that the ex-commissioner can comfort himself with the knowledge that his personal integrity is not impugned.

As I have before remarked, Mr. Tanner made a mistake when he took charge of pension office in not removing many of the men who had been close to Gen. Black during the latter's administration, and who had since been endeavoring to establish their Republicanism. These men are responsible for many of the official mistakes that Mr. Tanner made. But Mr. Tanner made another mistake, which was in taking the position that he was independent of the secretary of the Interior in the administration of the pension bureau. I am told that he informed Secretary Noble in plain terms that he proposed to run the pension bureau in his own way and that the power behind him was greater than that behind the secretary. In some cases he positively refused to obey requests made by the secretary. This, of course, was the beginning of the friction between the secretary and commissioner, and the temper of both was such that harmony was impossible. Noble is a hot-headed, quick-tempered man, and so is Tanner, and it may readily be imagined that a breach once established between them could not easily be healed. Even if these two had been desirous of coming to an amicable understanding, that could not have been accomplished by Assistant Secretary Bussey, who is about as indiscreet as the corporal. All this, however, could perhaps have been adjusted, but Mr. Tanner's indiscretion was not confined to his official utterances. He began to talk outside and in his public speeches to say things that were extremely unwise. The two things that chiefly caused the unusual form of resignation were his speech at Elmira, N. Y., where he abused Congressman Flood in the most violent manner, and his speech in Milwaukee upon the subject of widows' pensions.

The President came to the conclusion after the latter that it would be unwise to retain Mr. Tanner longer at the head of the pension office, and even had not Secretary Noble persistently urged that course it would have been taken all the same. The story sent out that Mr. Noble gave the President his choice, to retain Tanner or himself had no foundation in fact. Gen. Noble did not present that alternative but he did lay before the President, as he had not done before, the many acts of insubordination of which Mr. Tanner had been guilty, and urged that some man more amenable to discipline and with greater discretion in his utterances should be placed in charge of the Pension bureau. Although Mr. Tanner yielded up his place with a good deal of reluctance, he did not receive the multitudinous advice to "stick" that has been supposed. Neither Gen. Alger nor Gov. Foraker counseled such a course, although both have been so represented. The Grand Army of the Republic, while believing in Tanner's honesty of intention, will stand by the President in his action.

WARNER DECLINES.

The Successorship to Commissioner Tanner Will Not Go to the Ex-Commander.

Maj. Wm. Warner was closeted with President Harrison over an hour at Deer Park on the evening of the 15th. He came to explain why he could not give up a lucrative business to accept the Pension commissionership. Whether the President succeeded in changing his determination cannot be said.

When asked by an Associated Press reporter on the 16th, the President said: "I have nothing to give out about Commissioner Tanner's successor; absolutely nothing."

ALGER ON TANNER.

He Believes the Subject Should be Settled by the President.

When Gen. Alger was asked what he thought about Mr. Tanner's resignation, he said: "Well, that is a hard question to answer until the facts come out. I know, in a general way, that he has been accused of exceeding his authority as pension commissioner. If he has done so I am sure it was unintentional. I do not believe he would do any dishonorable act, but owing to a lack of business capacity he may have made serious mistakes in his conduct of the office.

"It is unfortunate that all this should have happened, but at present it is a matter entirely between the President, the Secretary of the Interior and Mr. Tanner. In fact it is no business of anybody's except the three I have mentioned. When I was in Milwaukee, Gen. Bussey and Mr. Tanner both sought my advice. I urged them to bury their differences and pull together harmoniously, but it seems they could not be reconciled.

"I have been asked what the G. A. R. think about it," said Gen. Alger in conclusion, "but under the circumstances they have no feeling except one of regret. They will have no opinion to express until the facts come out. No, I haven't the slightest idea who will get Tanner's place. I have great respect for Mr. Tanner, absolute confidence in his integrity, and greatly regret his resignation."

It is said that Gen. Alger did not telegraph to the commissioner advising or urging him to not to resign. If he expressed any view at all upon the matter it was verbally and to a third party. Gov. Foraker's position is also said to have been misrepresented by yesterday's reports. Information on the subject is to the effect that he not only did not advise Tanner to resign, but gave him advice directly to the contrary.

HIS SUCCESSOR.

The President Not in a Hurry—Talk About Tanner.

A gentleman who had a conversation with the President upon the subject says that the vacancy created by Commissioner Tanner's resignation will not be filled in haste; that some time may elapse before a successor is announced. In the meantime Mr. Tanner may take a leave of absence.

Another office to which rumor assigns the Commissioner is that of Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, one of the most lucrative in the gift of the President.

To a reporter Mr. Tanner said: "The President did not ask for my resignation, nor did he advise that I resign. He assured me, however, that the investigation into the affairs of the pension office had developed nothing that reflected upon my honesty or my good intentions, and said that if I remained in office Secretary Noble would resign. The dismemberment of a Cabinet is a very serious thing, and I decided that it was better that I should resign, since the unreasonable prejudices of Mr. Noble could not be overcome."

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on Sept. 12:

RICHARD C. KERR, of Mississippi, to be register of the land office at Jackson, Miss.

JOSEPH W. McCLURG, of Missouri, to be register of the land office at Springfield, Mo.

SCOTT SWEETLAND, of Washington Territory, to be receiver of public monies at Vancouver, W. T.

WALTER L. STOBLES, of Washington Territory, to be agent for the Indians of the Yakoma agency, in Washington Territory.

WARREN D. ROBBINS, of Idaho, to be agent for the Indians of the Nez Perces agency in Idaho.

Stockslager's Successor.

Lewis A. Greff, of Omaha, was appointed commissioner of the general land office on the 16, vice S. M. Stockslager, resigned.

PENSION STATEMENT.

The Number of Uncle Sam's Wards and the Money Paid Them.

A statement prepared at the pension bureau shows that on June 30, 1885, there were 345,125 pensioners on the rolls; on June 30, 1889, 489,725, showing an increase of 144,600. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, the appropriations were $76,386,846, and the payments $64,972,849. For the year ending June 30, 1889, the appropriations were $80,473,000, and the payments $88,275,113. For the current year ending June 30, 1890, the appropriations are the same—$80,473,000.

In July and August there were advanced to pension agents on requisitions $34,700,000, while the amount disbursed by the agents in the same months was $11,486,205. The statement says that "more than half of these disbursements were in payment of cases allowed during the preceding fiscal year, and not paid then because of a deficiency in the appropriation, making it necessary to pay these claims out of the appropriation for the fiscal year 1890. This accounts in every particular for the apparent increase in the payment of pensions during July and August, 1889."

In July and August of last year there was advanced to agents on requisitions, $24,800,000, and they paid out in payment of pensions $4,840,577.

SHERMAN AT HOME.

Hundreds Flock to His House to Welcome Him Back.

A reception was given at Washington on the night of Sept. 14 to Senator Sherman, who arrived home the previous day from Europe, by the Ohio Republican association and other friends. Several hundred persons gathered at the Senator's residence on K street, at 8 o'clock, and Gen. Charles B. Grosvenor, of Ohio, made an address of welcome in their behalf.

He referred to the political contest in Ohio, and spoke of the need of the presence there of the Senator.

In his response, Senator Sherman said he was fully alive to the necessities of the case, and earnestly desired the success of Governor Foraker and the Republican ticket.

To secure that success he should do what he could in the campaign, and urged every Ohio Republican within the sound of his voice to go home and vote in November.

Other speeches were made by ex-Speaker Keifer, ex-Governor Lyon, of Ohio, Rev. Wm. H. Waring (colored,) Sixth Auditor Couiter and John H. Smythe, (colored).

AMERICAN CONGRESS.

Prominent Men Who Will Discuss International Questions.

The delegates to the International American congress, which is to convene in Washington next month, are among the foremost men of the countries they represent, and the sessions of the congress promise to be not only of great benefit to the nations represented, but interesting because of the ability and talents of its members.

Honduras will send Geronimo Zelaya, a prominent lawyer, about 50 years of age. He was minister of Foreign Affairs several years. Afterwards he was the representative of Honduras in the Congress of Central American states which met in Guatemala in 1883, and in the Costa Rican convention of 1888. He will arrive at New York in the Pacific Mail steamship Aspinwall about the 24th inst.

Dr. Fernando Cruz, the representative of Guatemala, is also the new minister from the country to the United States, having succeeded Francisco Lienfesta. He arrived in this country in July, but has been spending the summer with his family on Long Island, Dr. Cruz is probably the foremost literary man of Guatemala, as well as a politician of high degree.

He served as secretary for foreign affairs under President Borrios, and since then has been president of the national university. He speaks English with considerable fluency.

RETIRING GENERALS.

Changes to Occur in the Personnel of Commanding Officers.

During the present administration a great change will take place in the personnel of the commanding officers in the army, and upon these changes speculation is rife among the officials and employes of the War department as well as among those directly interested and the greater throng who may be benefited by them.

President Harrison, ere his term expires, will have to appoint nine brigadier generals, an unusually large number for that period of time. Of these he has already made one, Brig. Gen. J. C. Kelton, adjutant general, in place of Gen. R. C. Drum, retired. The other retirements among the brigadiers, with their dates are as follows: Paymaster General W. B. Rochester, February 15, 1890; Quartermaster-General S. B. Holabird, June 16, 1890; Commissary-General MacFeely, July 1, 1890; Surgeon-General J. Moore, August 16, 1890; Gen. S. V. Benet, chief of ordnance, January 22, 1891; Gen. J. Gibson, April 20, 1891; Gen. D. S. Stanley, June 1, 1892; Adjutant General Kelton, June 21, 1892. It is among the possibilities, aside from death, but not probabilities, that he may also have two of the major-generalships to fill. In addition to those general officers, President Harrison during his term will have to appoint the successors of 23 colonels, 8 lieutenant colonels, 7 majors, 14 captains, 7 post chaplains and 1 professor in the military academy.

Appointments.

Secretary Noble has appointed R. V. Belt, assistant commissioner of Indian Affairs; A. M. Tinker, an Indian inspector, and G. W. Parker a special Indian agent commission to negotiate with the Sisseton and Wahpeton Indians, of Dakota, for the surrender of 789,000 acres of their lands. The Indians on the Sisseton reservation have already agreed to take lands in severalty, and 127,887 acres have been set apart for that purpose; 1,417 acres have also been reserved for church and other purposes. The commission is instructed not to enter upon its duties until after patents in severalty for 127,887 acres have been delivered, which will probably be done within the present month.

Each male Indian of the Sisseton and Wahpeton tribes, over 21 years of age, who receives his lands in severalty under the general allotment act of February 8, 1887, thereby becomes a citizen of the United States.

Editor Arnold.

Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "Light of Asia," and chief editor of the London *Telegraph*, with his daughter, called on President Harrison on September 12, with whom they had a few moments' pleasant conversation. They left Washington for Philadelphia and thence will go to New York for a few days. He will then go to Boston, which was his wife's home. He will be the guest of the president of Harvard, and will visit other men of learning, with whom he enjoys an agreeable acquaintance. From New England he will go across the continent, probably to San Francisco. Later he will go to Japan and China.

The Baltimore a Success.

Secretary Tracy, on Sept. 16, received a telegram from Capt. Kirkland, stating that the trial of the Baltimore was satisfactorily completed.

To Deer Park.

President Harrison went to Deer Park on Sept. 13 at 5 o'clock, and it is expected he will remain there until about the first of October.

Race Feeling Strained.

Reports from the Choctaw county, Alabama, are to the effect that the race feeling there is somewhat strained. White men were in Meridian on the 14th to buy guns to prepare for threatened trouble, information concerning which reached them through what they consider reliable sources.

FOREIGN.

THE STRIKE OVER.

Work Resumed in London on Monday, Sept. 16.

A conference between Cardinal Manning and the directors of the London dock companies, was held on Sept. 12. The cardinal found that the directors were not willing to agree to the compromise proposed by him, that the terms which the dock companies have already conceded go into effect on November 1, provided that the men immediately resume work.

Messrs. Burns and Tillett, the representatives of the strikers, on the 14th on behalf of the men, signed the agreement entered into between themselves and the directors of the dock companies for the settlement of the strike.

Most of the strikers resumed work on the 16th. It is expected that work on all the docks will be in full swing in a day or two. A thousand unemployed dock laborers are waiting at the gates of the docks. They threaten violence against the men who were employed to take the places of the strikers and who the directors of the dock companies now refuse to discharge.

Much ill-feeling exists between the dock laborers and the "black legs," the name applied to the men who took the places of strikers, and the former refuse to work with them. Several encounters have already occurred between them. Many of the dock laborers protest that the leaders of the strike had no right to agree to the proposal that the strikers should work hand in hand with the "black legs."

The officials of the dock companies have made a strong complaint to the lord mayor against the action of the returned strikers, and he has promised to do his utmost to compel the men to live up to the terms of their agreement. Meanwhile the situation is regarded as being so serious that a meeting of the joint docks committee, the conciliation committee and the leaders of the strikers has been called to convene immediately at the Mansion House.

Counting the Cost.

The London *Daily Telegraph* of Sept. 14, commenting on the strike, says: "It is not too much to say that £2,000,000 has been squandered, while there are not wanting prophets who declare that the port of London will never recover its former prosperity. We scarcely think that; while if the casual laborer is well out and replaced by a higher and more organized set of workers, something will have been done toward the evolution of the fittest."

ANTWERP'S FIRE.

Estimate of the Losses Caused by the Disaster.

Estimates of the loss by the recent fire at Antwerp, Belgium, range from 25,000,000 to 35,000,000 francs. No public building was injured. The damage to the bourse is insignificant. The fire still smoulders over a large area which is surrounded by a cordon of troops. The firemen are working night and day pouring floods of water upon the ruins. Ten persons who ventured too near the ruins have met with accidents, due to the occasional explosion of cartridges. The vessels in the docks were their safety for the favorable direction of the wind, which continues to blow toward the open river. Some steamers in the dry docks are badly damaged about the decks.

M. Corvitan, the proprietor of the cartridge factory, is charged with homicide by imprudence. His defence is that the fire originated in petroleum sheds and caused the explosion in the cartridge factory. Large subscriptions to the relief fund have been received. King Leopold headed the list with 12,000 francs. Relief fetes and performances have been given in Brussels, Paris and Berlin.

Looking Over the Wreck Caused by the Antwerp Explosion.

Nothing remains of the cartridge factory in which the explosion occurred on Sept. 6. The village of Austrum, which was situated 200 metres from where the factory stood, and which consisted of about forty houses, has vanished.

The hydraulic machines used in the dry-dock were destroyed, with the exception of the cranes. A number of merchandise depots, including the Prussian stores, which were constructed of iron, were overturned by the force of the explosion and an immense quantity of goods was ruined.

According to the official report 135 persons were killed ,20 are missing, 100 were seriously injured and 200 were slightly injured. The story that several British tourists were killed by the explosion is not true.

The governor's official report to the minister of the interior says that nothing has as yet been clearly established regarding the origin of the explosion. The governor says that the cartridge factory worked three months without a license, when it was closed by order of the city authorities.

M. Corvilain, the proprietor of the factory, then applied for a license, which was granted after an inspection of the factory and the imposition of stringent regulations for its management. The governor says he does not know whether the city authorities' inspection was adequate or not.

Balfour's Bill.

The *Irish Catholic* publishes a forecast of Mr. Balfour's bill for the establishment of a Catholic university in Ireland. It says: "The Royal university will not be abolished, because it is required for non-conformists and others unable to avail themselves of the advantages afforded by Trinity college; but its establishment will be largely reduced. With a view to the conciliation of Ulster, Queen's College at Belfast, will be maintained, and be empowered to confer degrees. The annual saving from the extinction of Queen's college at Cork and Queen's college at Galway, combined with the saving from the endowment of the Royal university, is expected partially to meet the cost of the endowment of the new university."

Mexican News.

The official organ of the Mexican government says that no true difficulties exist between Guatemala and Mexico. The only incident which was likely to cause trouble was the explosion of a petard which was thrown against the Mexican legation in the Guatemala capitol.

For this act Guatemala apologized, and her officials are now searching for the man who threw the petard for the purpose of punishing him.

A slipping report published by the treasury department, shows that 520 steamers of a total of 444,420 tons, and 193 sailing vessels of a total of 42,614 tons, entered Mexican ports from the United States during the past fiscal year.

Senor Jose Ives Limantoure, who is now in Europe, has been appointed Mexican representative to the Internal Congress at Washington.

Wants His Freedom.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* publishes a letter from Patrick Delaney, who was implicated in the Phoenix park murders and is now in prison, addressed to a prominent official in Dublin Castle, in which the convict piteously claims his release from prison as a reward for giving evidence for the London *Times* before the Parnell commission.

French Wheat.

The latest government report concerning the wheat crop of France shows that 7,160,000 hectares were sown this year against 6,978,134 hectares last year. It is estimated that the yield will be 111,460,218 hectolitres against 98,740,728 hectolitres in 1888.

UNCLE JERRY.

The Secretary of Agriculture On a Trip Through the West.

Secretary of Agriculture, Jeremiah Rusk, was joined at Chicago by some of his assistants on September 17, and the entire party went to St. Joseph, Mo., where the secretary makes a speech at the exposition. They will then proceed on a tour of the sorghum sugar factories of Kansas, returning to Washington directly by way of Cincinnati. The secretary wants to look into the sorghum business himself.

"It is an industry we are fostering," he says, "and we are going to make it a success. Last year Fort Scott made 300,000 pounds at a profit. The reason we continue governmental inspection of this thing is that we want to find the cheapest way of making the sugar.

"The reason we are making this official visit," explained the head of the Agricultural bureau, "is to see how the aid extended by Congress is being used. Last year $80,000 was appropriated for sorghum sugar work. Instead of building our own experimental station we divided it among eight or ten factories already in existence and appointed agents to note the results. When we get this process down to the most economical basis it means a great deal for the country, and the reports of these agents mean a great deal. Think of it. All the sugar we heed right here in our country, and we are going to have it."

GENERAL NEWS.

INGALLS FOR TANNER.

The Kansas Senator Endorses the Corporal's Policy.

The formal opening of the annual reunion of the old soldiers of the Southwest, occurred at Camp Logan, at Arkansas City, Kansas, on Sept. 12. On the platform were seated Gov. Humphrey of Kansas, Gov. Hovey of Indiana, Senator Ingalls, ex-Governor Anthony of Kansas, Governor Hovey's staff and several state officers of Kansas. Governor Humphrey extended welcome to the veterans on behalf of the state of Kansas and introduced Governor Hovey, who made a few appropriate remarks.

Senator Ingalls was given an ovation when he was introduced and arose to speak. In the course of his remarks he said. "The wealth of this nation increases $420,000,000 with every tick of the watch, and the soldiers have earned it all. Without him there would have been no treasury, no nation, and he is entitled to his percentage of it.

"There are just three things that ought to be done: First, the limitation of pensions ought to be removed; second, the disability pension bill ought to become a law, and third, every soldier who received an honorable discharge ought also to receive a pension.

"These were the results that Commissioner Tanner sought to attain in his administration of the office of commissioner of pensions," said the speaker, "and Mr. Ingalls honored him for his high desires and brave exertions in behalf of the veteran soldier.

"The only fault I have to find with Tanner," he continued, "is that he did not have two feet while he was in office so that he could have made more rapid progress in the attainment of his policy."

CHAIRMAN WALKER.

He Is Hopeful all the Railroad Rate Troubles Will be Settled.

Chairman Walker, of the Inter-State Commerce Railway association, who was in St. Louis on September 16, was more hopeful, in alluding to the general railroad situation, than the public might suppose, in the light of sensational reports furnished from time to time, purporting to emanate from headquarters.

It was true that a serious problem was presented in the northwest, and it threatened a loss of profit at the profit-earning season of the year.

The situation in the northwest, however, served as an illustration of the need for an amendment of the law so as to regulate Canadian competition in some way. There is no doubt that the labors of the senatorial committee will result in the recommendation of some amendments in justice to the American railroads.

The inter-State Commerce association had operated as a tonic in preserving a healthy status, and it would long continue to assert its wholesome influence. With regard to the petition of the brakemen for some legislation looking to the compulsory use of automatic couplers, Chairman Walker was clearly of the opinion that Congress had the power to enforce uniform regulation for safety appliances in the operation of cars used in inter-state commerce. The general government could assuredly regulate the appliances for freight cars used in inter-state commerce, if it had the power to regulate commerce itself.

AT GETTYSBURG.

Pennsylvania Monuments Dedicated on the Battlefield.

At Gettysburg, Penn., September 11 was devoted to the special dedication of the Pennsylvania monuments by their respective regiments. During the day the veterans of each regiment formed in line and headed by a band or drum corps marched to their monument where the exercises were held. Each dedication was attended only by the survivors of the commands. No system was observed, and each regiment went its own way.

The following regimental monuments were dedicated: One Hundred and Fourteenth, Collis's Zouaves, 56th, 28th (formerly commanded by General Geary), 93d, 94th, 140th, 148th (Beaver's regiment), 107th, 73d, 116th, 121st, 9th, 75th, 118th, Corn Exchange, Knapp's Battery, 153d, Hundred and Forty-seventh, Ninetieth, One Hundred and Tenth, Sixty-second, One Hundred and Forty-ninth, the Buck Tails, Seventeenth Cavalry, Ninety-first, Sixty-seventh, Twenty-third, Seventy-fourth, Sixty-first, Seventy-second, Twenty-ninth, Second Cavalry, Forty-second, Battery F, One Hundred and Ninth, Ninety-sixth, One Hundred and Thirty-ninth, One Hundred and Forty-first, Ninety-eighth, Sixteenth Cavalry, Twenty-seventh, Eighteenth Cavalry, One Hundred and Sixth and One Hundred and Fifth.

FAVOR SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

Brewery Employes Say They Want the Laws Enforced.

A secret meeting of the National association of union brewers' employes, closed at Cincinnati on Sept. 14, after several days' session. No reporters were admitted. It is stated that they re-elected the national secretary, Ernest Kurzenknabe of New York, and elected Mr. Ibsen editor of their journal. They declined to co-operate with the league for the preservation of citizens' rights of Cincinnati, in their efforts to obtain the repeal of laws restricting the sale of beer, not for the reason that the association was opposed to the sale of beer after midnight or on Monday, but because a repeal of the Ohio laws on that subject would inure to the benefit of the proprietors of breweries whose employes are not members of the union.

They adopted resolutions favoring eight hours for a days work, and against patronizing the free beer of Cincinnati, Milwaukee and St. Louis.

The next meeting will be held in St. Louis, in 1891.

A REBEL NO MORE.

An Ex-Confederate Eulogizes Grant and Lincoln.

The time of the reunion of the Southwestern Soldiers' association, at Kansas City, Mo., on Sept. 14, was devoted to reception to John T. Crisp, an ex-Confederate colonel.

At the Confederate reunion at Higginsville, two weeks ago, Colonel Crisp eulogized Lincoln and Grant, and refused to pay a tribute to Jefferson Davis and General Lee. This attracted the attention of the Union veterans, and they invited him to the reunion. He made an address on the relations between the North and South, and advocated the destruction of sectional prejudices by forbearance. He eulogized Lincoln and Grant. His speech was the event of the encampment, and the enthusiasm aroused among the veterans was extraordinary. He was given an ovation and at the end of his speech the veterans cheered him three times three. The reunion closed last evening with a trades display and historical pageant.

CONCEDED THE ADVANCE.

Glass Workers to Resume at Higher Wages.

The strike of the Western window glass workers was practically settled at a conference of workmen and a committee of manufacturers, which ended on Sept. 14.

The manufacturers offered a number of compromises and finally conceded the five per cent advance demanded by the employes. The matter will be presented to the general meeting of manufacturers here to-day, and if the committee's action is ratified, a general resumption will take place next week. The settlement affects 61 factories in the west, employing about 5,000 men and boys.

Senator Spooner's Close Call.

Senator John C. Spooner is quite ill of a low malarial fever, at his home at Hudson, Wis., and though he is now better and very slowly mending, it is likely to be several weeks before he regains his usual health. The Senator had expected to deliver over five speeches during the campaign in the territories now pending, but as the elections are to be held less than three weeks hence, it is extremely doubtful if he will be able to fill any of the political engagements that have been made for him. Should he take the stump at all now it will be in the Dakotas only.

To Divide the Money.

The Fisher estate in Germany, amounting to $51,000,000, it seems is now ready for distribution. T. J. Doke, who lives near Herndon, Missouri, has just received a letter conveying the welcome news that the fortune has been secured, and an advertisement published calling on the heirs to come forward and prove their identity and get their money. There are about 21 heirs in this country.

CANADIAN RELATIONS.

The Senate Committee in Session in Boston.

The United States Senate committee on Relations with Canada began its public hearings in Boston on September 12. After a preliminary statement of the objects of the hearing by Senator Hoar, Representative Elijah A. Morse, of Canton, addressed the committee. He said he did not think it profitable for the United States and Canada to retain an army of revenue officers on each side of a line 3,000 miles long.

The customs laws were now only partially enforced, and would become more difficult of enforcement, as the population along the frontier increased. If Canada would conform its protective tariff to ours, and consent to a just adjustment of the fishery difficulty, he would favor a reciprocity treaty. The inter-state commerce law he considered most unjust to American railroads, driving business away to parallel lines in Canada. The law should be repealed. It is an outrageous interference with private rights. If not repealed, something must be done to protect our railroads from Canadian competition.

S. P. Hibbard, of the Chamber of Commerce, said he came from Canada twenty-five years ago and he believed the reciprocity then in force was better for both nations than anything in force since. He believed in annexation and would oppose any policy to hinder such a consumation.

A. Hardy, of Boston, said members of the Produce Exchange preferred the re-establishment of reciprocity to political or commercial union, both of which he considered impracticable at present. He thought the inter-state law might be left to work out its own problem.

B. F. Dutts, of Boston, said all the fishing interests of Boston had always been in favor of reciprocity. Canada had much to give in return, as 99 per cent of the fish brought to American ports by American vessels were stolen from within the three mile limit and American fishermen must have Canadian bait.

President Speare, of the Chamber of commerce, read a carefully prepared expression of his views. He thought annexation the best solution of the problem and commercial union the next best, but thought both impracticable at present.

BAPTIST CONVENTION.

The Negro Delegates Tell of a Tough Time in Passing Through Georgia.

The delegates to the national colored Baptist convention, at Indianapolis, are not thinking much about the business of their organization. Interest in the southern outrages upon their race overshadows everything else, and it was intensified to the highest degree when five of the delegates, who had been attacked en route, arrived in the city and related to their brethren their experience.

Mr. E. K. Love, one of the party, says they came over to the East Tennessee & Georgia railroad because they had been assured courteous treatment by the agents of that road. On other lines colored people are compelled to ride in second class cars.

The party took seats in one of the best cars, and soon began to hear murmurs from white passengers. Mr. Love was warned by the porter that there would probably be trouble, so the conductor had sent a telegram ahead that the party was coming. "At Baxter, Ga.," said the preacher, "a dozen rough looking men boarded the train and ordered us out of the car.

"We did not go, and we were then assaulted. We were all badly beaten. Revolvers were drawn and we were driven out of the car. I think some of us would have been killed if it had not been for the interference of the conductor."

He attributes the assault entirely to race prejudices.

TRADE WITH CANADA.

A Tariff Reform League Expresses Its Opinion.

The Massachusetts Tariff Reform League has issued a statement of its views upon the question of our commercial relations with Canada. It says there are three different methods of attaining closer trade relations between Canada and the United States.

First, the political union of the two countries; second, commercial union, so called, involving the maintenance by the two countries of a common tariff against all other countries and a common internal revenue system of taxation, with some equitable division of the receipts; third, a treaty of reciprocity admitting some or all of the products of either country into the other free of duty. The time is not ripe for political union; commercial union is impracticable and can never be secured; but free commercial relations with Canada can be obtained by a reciprocity treaty whenever our government is ready to take the necessary steps for its negotiations.

NORTHERN LANDS.

Results Accomplished by the Indian Commissioners.

Maj. James Whitehead returned to St. Paul, Minn., on September 12, with the intelligence that 4,000,000 acres of land in Northern and Central Minnesota is about to be opened to settlement. Commissioners Rice, Whiting and Marty got into a quarrel with the red men at Leech lake and came pretty close to losing their lives. Finding the Indians obstinate, they sent for Maj. Whitehead to come and assist them. The major was an Indian agent as far back as 1856, and is well acquainted with the Indians of the Northwest.

The party made a success of arranging for the opening up of the following reservations: Leech Lake, Prairie Point, Cass Lake, Winnebagoshish, White Oak, Pegamma Falls and Sandy Lake. Bois Forte is yet to be secured.

The land is rich, regarded from an agricultural point of view, is well watered and grown with valuable forests of both pine and a variety of hard woods.

BEATING THE LAW.

Chinese Being Shipped Into the Country by the Hundred.

Franklin Lane, correspondent in New York of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, has sent a communication to Secretary of the Treasury Windom, setting forth that he has received from what seems to him a very reliable source, information that Chinamen are being brought in over the Canadian border line in defiance of the exclusion law. He says in his letter:

"It seems the smuggling in of these Chinamen has almost reached the proportions of a regular business, and is carried on with a high hand almost under the very noses of our customs officers. The Chinese are brought from British Columbia on the Canadian Pacific railroad, and at night when near the border are shipped at a petty station and then are carried a short distance, ferried across the river and so landed on United States territory."

Chicago's Exposition Building Burned.

Between 8,000 and 10,000 people rushed pell mell out of the Chicago exposition building Saturday night, Sept. 14, falling over each other down stairs and jumping through windows in their hurry to escape. Fire had started in one of the big booths near the center of the huge structure and the glare of the flames and the crash of plate glass caused a panic.

Men, women and children all joined in the mad scramble for the exits, regular and improvised, which fortunately were numerous enough to prevent any fatal crushing. Within five minutes the excited thousands of people were safe outside of the structure, the flames were extinguished, and one-fourth of the interior of the exposition was in ruins. The art gallery wholly escaped. No one was reported seriously injured.

A Storm in the Earth.

There was great subterraneous commotion, followed by tremendous explosions of gas and steam in the Upper Geyser basin of Yellowstone Park, on September 12. As a result all the system is in active outbreak, the large geysers being particularly demonstrative. The "Giant" and "Giantess" are in furious activity, as are many others which have long lain dormant and were supposed to have been extinct. Scientists explain that all of this phenomenal outburst is directly traceable to and connected with the atmospheric and submarine demonstrations of the great storm that prevailed along the Atlantic coast simultaneously.

New Mexico.

In the New Mexico constitutional convention on Sept. 11, the majority refused to permit the incorporation of a woman suffrage clause in the elective franchise article. The woman suffragists filibustered to delay action, but the report of the committee was finally adopted.

STATISTICAL CHARTS.

Valuable Maps Made by the Department of Agriculture.

Mr. J. R. Dodge, statistician of the United States Department of Agriculture, has prepared a series of sixteen charts, preceded by brief letter press description and bound as an "Album of Agricultural Statistics." The basis of each is a small map of the United States. Most of these charts illustrate the result of the statistical work of the department, though the first and second show respectively the proportions, by states, of the elements of the total land surface and of the more restricted farm area, and the sixteenth illustrates similarly the tenure of farms by proprietors, tenants paying money rent and tenants giving a share of produce in lieu of rent. In these states differences are by proportions rather than by areas or numbers.

All the other charts carry the idea of local distribution as of the relative area of certain principal cereals in the several states and territories and differences in rate of yield of certain products and in average prices of farm animals. These differences are first indicated by placing states in five groups, each having a certain range of differentiation and giving to each group a grade of density in color and a distinct peculiarity of mechanical drawing. But for closer comparison a scale is made with the national average as zero and the percentage of each state above or below this average is indicated on the map in plain figures, with the plus or minus prefix, showing the relation of each state to the general average as well as to every other state average. On the margin is also placed the tabulation upon which the graphic delineation is based.

In the first group in corn growing composing states having more than 100 acres in maize in every 1,000 of the superficial area are ten states, viz.: Iowa, with 219 acres; Illinois, 217; Delaware, 176; Indiana, 157; Missouri, 149; Tennessee, 136; Kentucky, 123; Maryland, 117; Kansas, 113; Ohio, 110.

In the rate of yield of wheat the first group with a ten years' average of 16.6 bushels or more per acre, includes only the divisions of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific coast region and a part of the New England states. In the second group are Michigan, New York, Ohio, Indiana, New Hampshire, Illinois, Maine and Arizona in order. The states producing the most are not those with the largest proportion of surface in wheat or the largest yield per acre. Dakota has but 41 acres in every 1,000 and a yield of 13.6 bushels per acre.

Analogous facts are shown in regard to oats. The charts deal only with three cereals, maize, wheat and oats, these comprising, as they do, 97 per cent of the total cereal production of the country. In producing the extraordinary differences in average value of farm animals the largest factor is the breed, blood, while feed and care and distance from market are other elements of variation.

I. O. O. F.

Meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge in Columbus.

The business of the Sovereign Grand Lodge meeting began at Columbus, O., on September 17. The lodge was called to order by Grand Sire John C. Underwood. There were present 162 delegates, representing every state and territory in the United States, all the jurisdictions of Canada, besides Denmark and Europe.

The increase in membership during the past year was greater than the annual increase has been within the past fifteen years. The following figures show the strength of the order: Number of white Odd Fellows on the globe January 1, 1889, independent order, 652,780; Manchester unity, 688,482; total, 1,341,275, fully 250,000 more than that reported by the next largest civilized secret society. Number of patriarchs militant departments, 47 an increase of 1; encampments, 2,940, an increase of 35; band cantons, 3, an increase of 2; chevaliers made, 3,165, an increase of 77; canton members, 19,223, an increase of 1,741; value of military outfit and other assets of cantons, $782,712, an increase of $113,694.

The strength of the order on December 31, 1888, was as follows: One sovereign grand lodge, two independent grand lodges (German Empire and Australasia), 48 subordinate grand encampments, 64 subordinate grand lodges, 2,101 subordinate encampments, 8,794 subordinate lodges, 107,344 encampment members, 603,537 lodge members, 4,763 Rebekah lodges with 49,250 female and 48,186 male members, 546 cantons of patriarchs militant, with 21,000 chevaliers, rank and file (estimated.)

Grand and subordinate lodge reports show that during the year there were 56,112 persons initiated and 5,752 reinstatements, total 61,864. The suspensions, withdrawals and deaths were 42,523. The financial statement of the sovereign lodge shows $45,585 ordinary revenue and $62,661 total cash paid to grand treasurer.

Sons of Veterans.

The National Encampment of the Sons of Veterans, at Paterson, N. J., Sept. 12, confirmed the dishonorable discharge of Past Commander-in-Chief Payne, of Ohio. The report of the adjutant general shows that the organization gained 13,600 members during the past year.

The session of the encampment of the Sons of Veterans, on September 13 was the most important yet held. The greatest interest was shown in the election of a commander-in-chief to succeed Gen. Abbott. The following were placed in nomination: Hon. Charles F. Griffen, secretary of State, Indiana; Jos. B. McCabe, Boston; Gen. Leland J. Webb, Kansas; Col. Frank L. Perkins, New Hampshire; Lewis I. Poke, Pennsylvania, and Gen. Merwin L. Hall, Michigan. Each candidate was nominated with a preliminary speech. McCabe held the lead to the twelfth ballot, when he withdrew in favor of Griffen. The latter had 25 votes, while McCabe had 30. The withdrawal of McCabe settled the question and Griffen was chosen amid thunders of applause. Col. Bagnely, of West Virginia, was chosen lieutenant-commander, and Capt. George W. Pollitt, of this city, adjutant-general.

Johnstown Funds.

Just how to make a final distribution of the Johnstown fund is giving the Flood commission plenty of food for thought. In round figures $1,500,000 remains to be disposed of, and the plan of distribution submitted by a committee consisting of Messrs. Ogden, Reeves and Miller is under discussion.

New Jersey Democrats.

The New Jersey Democrats in convention at Trenton on Sept. 10, re-nominated Leon Abbett for governor.